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JULY 6, 1981

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■ OWNER STORY



A man to need

IN BRIEF
Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau met with British PM Margaret Thatcher as well as France's François Mitterrand on Paris and West Germany's Helmut Schmidt in Bonn in a whirlwind European tour last week. He may have achieved little success, however, in developing a blueprint for July's summit in Ottawa, according to Ottawa bureau chief Robert Lewis who filed this report from the three capitals. —Peter J. Tait



Traffic tickets in the sky
Willy Lassner's northern many flights are legendary. Now he needs some more inc. —Page 20

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Atlanta's ordinal

Wayne Williams was arrested and charged with the latest murder of a black youth. — *Page 20*



Planning from

Mary Pratt's paintings can be arresting and accessible, at once
and subtle. —Page 34



A public interest threat

The financial woes of crossover groups are grave—but who will foot the bill? —Page 42



Nursery school rock

The Boreks, a Toronto trio, are delighting little people with new wave campfire tunes — Page 26



BESIDES LOOKING GOOD ON YOU, IT WEARS WELL.

If you believe the car you drive makes a statement about you, it's nice to have a Volkswagen Rabbit speaking on your behalf. Car

that says you keep up with the times now that good old fashioned value is very much in vogue.

And apart from the obvious efficiencies of driving a Volkswagen, the life expectancy of a Rabbit is part and parcel of that value story.

While we don't know how long Rabbits last, we do know how well we've built them. And, so does *Car and Driver Magazine*. Commenting on the Rabbit's construction, *Car and Driver* said: "The structure feels as substantial as a Maserati's.

And, it should. The metal is welded together not bolted, with literally thousands of spot welds, for a stronger bond. Then there's the way that the metal fits. Tight and uniform with no irregular spaces between hood and fenders, fenders and doors. If you look, this workmanship is very visible on the Rabbit.

Something else that's important is what you can't see. A magnetic

primer locked on by an electroplating process, that makes the Rabbit's shiny coat remarkably resistant to rust. Inside the Volkswagen workmanship continues.

Carpeting and upholstery are stretched and fitted in a manner that can only be described as craftsmanship.

And while you can expect a Rabbit to last some time, indeed the same should be said of a tank of regular gas. Transport Canada's comparative fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit is an amazing 70 L/100 km.* For the Rabbit Diesel, it is even more amazing 50 L/100 km.* That's the #1 rating in the country.

Add to this comforting thoughts like fully reclining front bucket seats, room for four large adults, a quiet ride, and the Rabbit becomes a lasting proposition you can live with year after year. So if you're planning on a new car in the future, check out a car that has one. The Volkswagen Rabbit. It'll look good on you for years to come!

THE
VOLKSWAGEN
RABBIT

DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS

EDITORIAL

After all, this never was the land God gave to Cain

By Peter C. Newman

By the time you get to be 114 years old, every little blessing counts, and that may be how most Canadians view their country's birthday this week.

It's easy to condemn the government for failing to slow the inflation spiral or to criticize the Supreme Court for not taking us off the hook on the constitutional debate. It has become second nature for most Canadians to complain about nearly every one of the institutions dominating our society, whether it's the ballooning profits of the chartered banks or the demands of the postal unions. Instead of acting like a brave band of survivors, as every gara from Maria Chapdelaine to Margaret Atwood would have us be, we have rapidly become a nation of complainers, with regional whining and individual bellyaching sounding out as our national anthem. It shouldn't be.

We've got a lot less to complain about than the citizens of most countries. Sure, inflation's effects are deadly but, with the exception of the U.S., Canada's currency is devaluating at a slower rate than that of other industrialized nations. The Supreme Court may be slow but at least it's free—free to reach its momentous constitutional ruling insulated from the kind of political pressures that sway the judiciary in most other countries, the U.S. included. This editorial will

not even try to defend the profits of the banks and the demands of the postal unions, but if that represents the sum of the nation's file we're still damn lucky.

It doesn't, of course. But the whole idea of an anniversary or birthday is less to tally up your woes than to recall the small blessings that add up to a life—or a country. The long-awaited sweetness of warmth in summer, children's chirps and shrieks at city pools, watching squirrels stalk sparrows through maple and mountain ash branches, listening to the crunch of waves against the bows of ferryboats plying Canadian waters west and east—these are some of the snippets of experience that flavor the Canadian summer.

The most important gift Canadians received this birthday was probably the report from a task force headed by Bob Blair, president of NOVA, an Alberta Corporation, and Shirley Cart, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress (see page 29). It spells out in detail the capital expenditures that will shake, and likely enrich, Canada's economy during the next two decades. The total comes to an astonishing \$440 billion, with every part of the country benefiting from this unprecedented bonanza.

It's well worth keeping that prospect in mind as we wave the flags and light the charcoal or the fireworks on July 1. Instead of bemoaning, let's celebrate the great good fortune we have, being Canadians.

Maclean's

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Hard to swallow

Don't Drink the Water (Cover, June 22) demonstrates the ignorance and reluctance to deal with groundwater pollution by municipal, provincial and federal governments. Waters that are not of eight are no longer out of mind. Hydrocarbons exist for millions of years in the ground and the bacteriological action is exceedingly slow an aquifer. Mother nature's self-cleaning process will be measured in terms of geologic time, not in generations. Our society may well be out of sight before the aquifers are cleaned.

—TOM SCOTT
Winnipeg



Drinking water: can nature cope?

In contrast with every other one of the numerous water-quality problems I've outlined, the greatest threat to groundwater in Nova Scotia is due to natural uranium occurrence. It is not a man-made pollutant or contamination problem as implied by the article as a whole.

—DAVID GRAFTON
Chairman, Provincial Division
Task Force, Department of Health
Bedford, N.S.

The lady takes pen to hand

Writing letters to the editor is boring, and there's been open season on me for so long that mostly I don't bother, except when my vanity or that of those I work with has been questioned. Alden Nowlan (Retiring Age-Old Brewster, Podium, June 22), it seems, is not ex-

—JOHN HOWARD TAGGERT
Toronto

Your article mentioned the presence of uranium in well water in an area of Nova Scotia near Halifax. The information as presented is basically correct, however, I would like to point out that,

PASSAGES



AWARDERS Silver medals in senior men's and women's categories to Canadian ballet dancers **Kimberly Glavin**, 20, and **Kevin Pugh**, 21, in the Moscow International Ballet competition. Glavin, a native of Eugene, Ore., and Pugh, of Indianapolis, Ind., were representing the National Ballet of Canada, where they have trained since childhood. Five of Canada's 33 medalists were given awards by the 35-member jury, a team showing surpassing only by the Soviet Union.

DEBS **Byron Hope Sanders**, 79, former editor of *Chemist and consumer* director of the *Wartime Prices and Trade*

Board, in Toronto. During the Second World War, Sanders, who had been editor of *Chemist* since 1889, headed 15,000 women volunteers checking prices against ceilings set by the federal government.

BANNED George Sopwith, president of South Africa's Natal Indian Congress (NIC), by government order, for a five-year period. The NIC, founded in 1894 by Mahatma Gandhi, is the pre-eminent political arm of South Africa's 786,000 Asiatic Seperatists, a lawyer, will be confined to his legal residential district and is forbidden to attend any political gatherings.

DISMISSED **Julio Cesar Díaz**, 32, planning chief of Guatemala's National Electrification Institute, by unknown abductors who kidnapped him a week before. Sores estimate at least 200 deaths a month in the conflict between the country's U.S.-backed regime and Marxist guerrilla groups.

enjoy from falsehoods; he too thinks he doesn't have to do his homework when it comes to slinging a few used tobacco my way.

Stanford, the television play he wrote, was based on an idea from the director, Peter Pearson, and considerable research done in trailer parks by a professional researcher. There are many people older than Alden Nowlan who live a nomadic existence in trailer parks, those of Canada in particular, those further south in winter. It's often cheaper than an apartment and they enjoy it. And yet, some of them do live together without being legally married, abhorrent though this may be to Mr. Nowlan. That way they get the benefit of two pensions, which means something to them since they are not free "the other middle class." Nor do I consider the men who choose to live this way "old-timers," as Mr. Nowlan does.

We received a number of letters thanking us for doing the story. The letter, too, from a person considerably older than Mr. Nowlan, I hope he doesn't make it to 60, since he's a fly-by-night. And I believe him when he says he's going to be a danned old man. I just hope he learns, sometime in the next 12 years, to be a conscientious and accurate old crank as well.

—MARGARET ATTWOOD
Toronto

Alden Nowlan is a man with insight. He has accurately depicted the attitudes of today's society with regard to senior citizens. Conservatism is, indeed, worse than ridicule. Young or old—who wants to be patronized?

—PEA TAYLOR
St. Catharines, Ont.

DISMISSED Most Rev. Dennis Tang Yiu-lung, a bishop of the Chinese city of Canton, by the Canton Patriotic Catholic Association, on the grounds that his acceptance of a papal appointment to archbishopric insulted China since the Chinese church does not recognize the Pope.

AWARDED To Pat Taylor, wife of former ambassador to Iran Ken Taylor, the Order of Canada, one year after the same award to her husband sparked a national outcry for equal recognition. For her "courageous and invaluable assistance" in the "Canadian Caper," Taylor is one of 65 people to be invested into the order this fall by Gov.-Gen. Edward Schreyer. Fellow embassy wife Zena Sheardown, whose husband, John, also received the award last year, was made an honorary member since she is not yet a Canadian citizen.

—SARAH LEE
Montreal

MYERS'S

ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

Monetarist attack on ivory tower

You do little for your credibility when you blame Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan for the fiscal problems in their respective countries (The High Cost of Money, Cover, June 10). These situations have been developing over many years. Only time will tell whether or not the policies are effective. We do know that Reagan and Thatcher are the only two leaders with the political courage to try to do what must be done. As for the experts, any fad can sit in an ivory tower and dream up abstract theories.

—R.L. LEONARD,
Pitt Meadows, B.C.



Wellies, waders and Arneheads

According to your editorial, The Cure for Inflation May Turn Out to Be a Killer (June 10), "everyone who entered with \$100,000 10 years ago has been mugged by inflation of about \$60,000." Even a very conservative investor would have increased that sum to \$225,000 in 10 years. To blame the government policies for all the inflation, considering that the price of oilseed oil rose 1,200 per cent in the same period, looks like "negative journalism."

—V. STRUMA,
Lemont, Ill., U.S.

That's that

I was dismayed at the irresponsible journalists reflected in Barbara Amiel's column A Lesson in Ours (amplification) (June 15). She fails to acknowledge the need for values

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Appl



An offensive defence

After the Israeli air force operation inside Iraq and the destruction of the nuclear research plant in Rashed (Your Special Spread From Goren, World, June 28) I am completely confused. Can anybody defend the usage of self-defence anymore? Anyone other than Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel, that is.

—ELIE N. NASIRIHLI
Oklahoma

Under the U.S. Arms Export Control Act of 1968, American-supplied weapons are required to be used only for "defensive purposes." It seems self-evident that this law is currently being

levied against Israel's use of F-16 bombers against Iraq. This would also apply to the U.S. supply of offensive weaponry to the IC Salavatov junta. It is interesting in this connection to recall External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan's remarks on U.S. aid to the junta. "I certainly will not condone any decision the United States takes to send offensive arms there."

—GEORGE MURKIN,
Toronto

All that remains

I was pleased to see the essence of our maturing problem finally being made public (Adrift in a Never-Never Land, Padman, June 8). Major Moore summarized very well the deficiencies in Canadian attitudes when it comes to setting priorities. Culture and education are the foundations of society. And it tragic that governments and many Canadians view cultural affairs as luxuries. It is ironic that the which we believe is all that remains of the glorious, ancient civilizations.

—RAYMOND LAROCQUE,
Vancouver, B.C.

A thousand plaudits to Maclean's! I used to

hate Major Moore for exposing the messes we use to explain our failure to develop a Canadian identity. Charles Jefferys accompanying cartoon also makes us realize Canada does indeed provide an unenviable environment for the development of a "true" system — set only in the arts, but also in business, science, medicine, technology, and all other fields of endeavour (if you're so good, why are you still here?"). Let's hope Moore is eventually given the support he needs to get on with creating a cultural identity for Canadians, despite the fact that we seem not to want one.

—PETER CALDWELL,
Toronto

The bigger they are...

It appears Adm. Harry Trott has fallen victim to the phobia particular to self-styled strategists and planners when just numbers of ships (or missiles) are counted and not their actual qualitative capabilities (Planning the Blue Water Threat, Your Special Spread From Goren, World, June 28). In this era of "smart" missiles I doubt the logic in spending any money on more surface ships, which could rapidly become large and expensive floating targets. We must speak out against this senseless waste of money and resources.

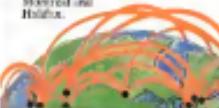
—JAMES CLARKESON,
Peterborough, Ont.

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Treading in economic quicksand

Canadian interest rates are made in Washington, and have always been so*

By Avner Mendelsohn

Canada is a free country, but its commerce is not. In older days, those who wanted to be free in their commerce as well as in their choice of ultimate roles were chased to the U.S., where "free enterprise" and similar seductive promises were the norm, rather than the exception. Wrigg, Toronto itself, was founded by a British lieutenant-colonel and a coterie of lawyers, to whom a dutiful monarch had granted huge tracts of real estate in order to create a privileged aristocracy with an interest in preserving his rule over the new land.

But this, of course, is the distant past. Canada is not a primitive colony any more, and the granting of privileges is no longer the prerogative of the faraway monarch. Today it is the prerogative of the government in Ottawa.

Most Canadian markets are allocated by government fiat. Farmers sell their produce through government cartels, the manufacture and sale of alcohol is tightly controlled by the authorities, no citizen may post his TV antenna if passing said trees lest he harm the monopolistic franchise that local broadcasters have an interest in retaining—which they still do, to advertise.

Canada is a cluster of government franchises—a host of privileged interests fighting tooth and claw the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith, that 18th-century advocate of free-trade economics, as it attempts to instill economic justice to the dispossessed and ineffectual. The losers? They are the rest of us, who must pay more for our airline tickets, for our food, for our clothing, in order to benefit the few who would rather suck at the teat of government than earn an honest living in a free marketplace.

South of the border, too, they have their privileged cartels, but in the U.S., these have always been the exception rather than the rule. And even there few shackles at the "invisible hand" are now remaining, as President Ronald Reagan allows commodities—be they airline tickets, barrels of oil or even money—to fetch whatever prices they will. You, even, may pay the price of money, too—interest rates—has now been set free in the U.S., and, of all innovations of "Reaganomics," this is the most alarming to Canadian economic society. For it is a fact—though never openly discussed in Canadian economic society—that Canadian interest rates are made in Washington, and have always been so.

When U.S. interest rates rise, Canadian rates must rise in tandem for, if they do not, Canadian dollars—still free to go when they please—must be converted to U.S. dollars, to get the higher rates available in U.S. banks. The task to sell the Canadian dollar depresses its price; this, the government can not suffer for long, and it, too, raises the price of its own

And then the political hysteria begins: Canadian citizens—used to their government protecting them from just about everything—fear for protection from this force of nature skin. Farmers, who have speculated wildly in beef and land under the protective umbrella of their marketing boards, substantially call for even more government protection against the wild forces of economics. The vice—making an over-attentive political ear—hollows the government in its role of interest by decree.

If you listen to the universal hysteria, you may be forgiven for thinking that the government can indeed do something. But can it? This is wishful thinking of the highest sort. You can no more fix the rate of interest than you can fix the price of gold—all without sooner or later seeing it budge elsewhere in your economy.

Fix the rate of interest to protect borrowers against the results of their own profligacy, and your sons will sing. Fix the price of your dollars to ward off inflation, and your interest rates will soon. Fix the price of oil to protect consumers, and it will be used up too rapidly. Fix the price of airline tickets in your land by shattering the local cartel from competition, and the number of travellers will decline, and with it commerce, and the interaction between your citizens, east and west. The simple truth is—if you try to protect any group of society against the blind economic justice of the "invisible hand," the rest of us must pay.

The ideal solution? Let competition—true competition—fix prices down and qualify too if farmers overextended to speculate in land, let see if too go bust. It will do wonders for the price of food. If homeowners are plagued in cities whose mortgages they can no longer carry—let a few sell at distress price. It will help moderate prices of oil, too.

Will the government let this happen? Naturally not. Canadian governments are not elected to solve economic problems they are elected to defend Canadian agriculture, economics and, try as they will, some Canadians—of they break their right open themselves—do deserve help. After all, we are human beings and blind economic justice must be tempered with compassion.

So what can the government do? First, it must reign the pressure to fix the rate of interest. Don't let him with the theory. Then, if political pressure becomes unbearable, give direct assistance—in cash—to those who suffer most. This will not entail unknown consequences in the future, and is the cheaper—and more honest—way of dealing with the whole economy for the benefit of the privileged few. Help the steady stream, and let the "invisible hand" alone. It has been managing the economy longer—and better—than any government ever has.

Avner Mendelsohn is a special situations analyst with Bache Halsey Stuart Canada Ltd. and an investment writer.



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTH AS SILK.

AFTER
SIX YEARS OF
PREPARATION,
IT'S EARNED ITS
SILK TASSEL.

Bitter spirits distill in Cognac

The growers of the region are popping their corks over France's new tax on their product



Aging vats: A veritable catastrophe

By Marc McDonald

In the shaded dusk of an uncertain season, Jacques Beguin stood among the vines of Cognac, where his family has been roasting for three generations, and sniffed for a chill in the air. "You see," he said, grasping the green flora of an embryonic bud, "a frost now could kill the blossoms to come. Things started so precociously that it's a very risky year." In fact, the weatherman's whines aren't the only factor that raise this a risky year in Cognac. Ever since the French government slapped the first half of a proposed two-phase domestic tax blow on the industry, which will cost it an extra \$1 per cent on every drop of Cognac sold in France by the beginning of next year, Beguin and his 60,000 fellow Cognac grape growers have been in open revolt, shod with all the fury of their stiff collars against what he terms a "veritable



Cognac distributor Jacques Beguin: A bit with all the fury of their stiff collars

turbulence. The sacrifice of an entire region."

Earlier this year, more than 5,000 growers overflowed Cognac's main meeting hall, the Salle Pélissier, to distill their outrage into a line white heat before marching to the local prefecture and banners shouting, COGNAC WANTS 90 U.S. AND 100% IN JUSTICE. Shopkeepers shattered their boutique fronts in solidarity and the big six shippers, such as Hennessy and Martell, temporarily dammed the heady flow of their amber-hued ambrosia on the betting assembly lines to show that, even though they were hardly touched (since as much as 85 per cent of their output is exported), they were intent on helping the farmers with the growers' world they depend on. Cognac is a blend of blends of vintages—quite literally the "water of life." "The French market may represent only six per cent of our sales," protest François Martel, secretary-general of Martell, "but it's our market. It's a showcase for us. We're very sensitive to this outrage."

The march was spearheaded by the region's 400 mayors, who stormed through towns in their trademark aches and had gone so far as to contemplate mass resignations or a blockade of the Paris rail lines. "You see, they're turning us into a whole generation of Red Brigades down here," blustered

André Castagnet, of the house of Cognac, which might appear to be overstating the case a trifle. Still, to understand the depth of feelings fermenting in Cognac is to understand the utter tranquility of the roughly 200,000 nuds who inhabit the banks of the sleepy Charente River, 100 km northeast of Bordeaux.

So fundamentally placed is the population that it can boast the highest longevity rate in France—a record, of course, to date, of 80 years of the local beer—and nobody can recall a demonstration of any sort since the peasants took up arms against the king three centuries ago. "Down here, the temperature is not so much Mediterranean as it is British," says Gérard Stévens, spokesman for the Bureau National des Cognacs. "People have their feelings to themselves. They take a long time to open their anger. But when it does, it means things are very grave."

Just how grave things were leaked out over the next month as growers such as Beguin, who also produce a sweetish spirit called Passeau from their surplus Cognac grapes, defied the order and refused to pay the new tax, while the wipers dug into an administrative strike, stubbornly turning up their noses at all orders from the central government in Paris.

They snubbed the local prefect, Paris' man, and bureaucracy gritted to a slow

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crash. For all its lack of fireworks, the paperwork result proved woodously efficient. When the 480 town halls of the Charente threatened not to complete the electoral lists before May's presidential vote, and at a time when the government of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was desperate for every ballot, Paris promptly shot into action, hastily promulgating a tripartite committee with local representatives to come up with solutions. "The climate is still very tense," says Beugnot, the 47-year-old president of the Charente's Cognacgrowers' Federation, who won a unanimous seat. "But for now, that's a wait-and-see attitude in Cognac."

What complicates the matter is that this isn't a tempest in the French pot stills alone. The Cognac war is simply the latest internal trouble in the *caisse* balancing act of the European Common Market, a community which, ironically, was largely founded by a local sea, the late Jean Monnet, who started out in life selling his family's brand of aperitif brandy across Canada to the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Co. This particular twist in the plot, in fact, began with the highland ire of Scotland's whisky producers. Incensed at France's high tax rate on scotchs, they took their case to the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg which ruled in their favor in February, 1986, ordering France to iron out the pricier wrinkles between harsogné, lapses and *le whisky*. Confronted, free enterprises that they are, the Cognacais accepted the judgment without a whimper. As Beugnot says: "We can't be against import duties in Cognac in other countries and for protectionism at home."

Still, it was assumed that the new tax would be slapped off all French Rebsours, of which Cognac represented only a nine-per-cent drop in the basket. But last fall, when the national budget came before parliament, the blow broke over the region with a shock: the full tax brunt was to be borne by Cognac, its southwestern cousin Armagnac and the Narbonne applejack brandy known as Calvados. "Taking some of our deputies having to vote against the national budget," bemoans Beugnot. "They did it with soles in their voice." That move has in turn prompted another sort of Cognac war, not just against the blundering bureaucrats of Paris, but against the producers of the country's most popular aperitif, the aperitif drinks such as Pernod, which escaped scotchs-free, as it were. These days the Cognacais are banting, jem-*tan*-gallant things about the aperitif lobby, never forgetting to underline that the drinks were outlawed after the war on sugarcos of contributing to alcoholism. "Unless we do no harm to any-



Master blenders at work (top): Gérard Stern (left); a cask taste in the collective mouth



customer, gauging 25 million bottles, and ventured as far afield as Hong Kong where the seven million Chinese down an extraordinary eight million bottles a year, preferably on the rocks as a table wine—a consumption rate that is perhaps spurred on by the Far Eastern belief that Cognac is an aphrodisiac.

In bad years or lean harvests, the Cognac growers organized their own version of social assistance, sharing the crop to keep the region on its feet. Recently, when overproduction threatened to prompt wine to grab their vines, they instead decided to use the surplus to launch Pernac, once a private local indulgence, onto the commercial aperitif market and began bottling an unprecedented white table wine called Chaperolle. The fact the Cognacais never ceased will to the government has led to an even more bitter war in the collective mouth. "We've always tried to help ourselves," says Beugnot. "And what do we get, a knastre out the hand?"

If they were resigned to accept the first blow, which came into effect this spring, they are fighting the second 25-per-cent-tax stage—scheduled for next Feb. 1—with unconvincing spirits. Beugnot already press their worst fears: March sales fell by 20.2 per cent in France compared to last year. By next year, the tax will have added 25 francs, or nearly 46, to the price of every Cognac bottle sold at home—50 cents to the price of every aperitif downed by Frenchmen who see therein an attack on the cherished national ritual of sipping with bad news, or even good news, by heading straight for the cafe to knock back a *fin* at the six counter. "People are really touched," laments Jeanne Hardy, president of Hardy Cognac which depends on the French market for half its sales. "The French market is a mirror for the world market. We can't have a dead market at home. It's absurd."

Temper has been temporarily put on hammer while awaiting the outcome of the government commission—a process that has been prolonged thanks to an extended election fever that has been gripping France. Not that the electors themselves haven't added a new flavor to the Cognac war: The Cognacais are currently savoring those glasses in the hope that they may be sympathetic ear in the new president, François Mitterrand, who, after all, born among their vines 64 years ago, was a wine-and-weatherman before he became the regular lefty. But the hope is hedged with a certain reserve in Cognac: it is remembered that Mitterrand himself is not much of a drinker, and that his father ended his days selling not Cognac, but vinegar. ♦

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Arnold's Corps (1980). Ray Guy at work: the glorious heights of acumenity

lower, more domestic turn—from the revetted pace of newspaper deadlines to the relative leisure of a monthly column in *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, from reclusive bachelorthood to contented absorption in family life. Selden, comfortable without a cigarette, Guy ramages through his large, lived-in St. Louis house, littered with Seussian coat traps, for the essential past. "My God, it's true," he mutters in a characteristically amiable tone. "The brass does go before the band."

his liver." The slender and cast in his features, marked by the down-and-up corners of his mouth and eyes, made for poker-faced thoroughness. He is under four feet, eight inches tall, a little overweight and given little thought to his appearance. "When I first saw what I had to work with I gave it up for a bad job," he once wrote. His matter-of-fact audience questions when talk turns to politics and memories of Hollywood still inspire him to rambling

There I was [in England]. Mr. Speaker takes to right of me, persons to left of me. Me, Little Joey from *Gamblé* "There's still a sense of marvel, though little malice, as what he sees at the auction and shows of his first and greatest adversary Guy the rewards flashes of the dramatic, there seem to be a performance, not exactly one of it wants out

For all that, Guy has a reserved nature, in contrast to the firebrand who enraged and entertained 25,000 readers a day. In a province where, until very recently, journalists have packed their snowballs with rocks, Guy dispensed with the snow altogether. And he pitched from high as what he called the "glorious heights of snarility and

PROFILE: RAY GUY

Not just a b'y from the bay

Ray Guy captures the voice of the Newfoundland outports

By Michael Clayton

There was a time in Arnold's Cove when the young Ray Gay, in the goodness stillness of his bedroom, could hear his whole world awake. Through articulated walls came the thump of carts in wooden carters as fishermen and their sons started their day, sailing out in single file. The carts, gags couched to life, and the "shack-clash-crash" of the boats plowing across the harbor and out into Pleasant Bay roared the rest of the harbor as another day. That was before the big government wharf brought a concourse of boat traffic, before Joey Smallwood's responsible policies swelled the population, before electric lights replaced the kerosene lamps that were bashed every Christmas in everyone's broken windows, and when new faces

Guy no longer lives in the cove, which is charted a rough and rapid passage into the 20th century in the 42 years since his birth. It's now a prosperous town of 4,000, just 16 km from that original symbol of the new Newfoundland, the bankrupt *Codger* By-Change oil discovery. Guy lives with wife Debbie, memories of the sounds and scenes of his brigandage, and multiplied—father of two young daughters and son a body of writing that has captured the stirring career and vitality of Newfoundland's seafarers. It was his stamping additional address in the St. John's community that first made his name. The third volume of his superb writings, *Beaufort Peacock*, the story of the great sea day, should be published this year and will be the last in the series.

The first lesson he learned at Memorial University is class-conscious "Sea John," where he arrived in 1963, as a student's hand-me-down name in new, was that baymen were kids. After two miserable years there, he escaped to the galleried lecture halls of Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute to study journalism for three years and to discover "restaurants that didn't close for lunch." Back in St. John's in 1968 he was hired by The Evening Telegram as a feature writer. In 1968, a year after he won a National Newspaper Award for feature writing, he was given a formidable chunk of page 2 to fill five days a week. In those days, a material contract to the publishing power of Joey Smallwood,

and the independently owned *Telegram* was a rallying point for his detractors. recalls John Fraser, a *Telegram* reporter who later became the Toronto *Globe* and *Mail's* man in Peking. "The contempt of Guy's column was incredible. People would hang around outside The Evening *Telegram*, waiting for

the paper as they could read them."

"People were almost afraid to talk politics for fear of costing a brother or cousin their job." He recalls being "genuinely shocked" when Snallwood once suggested to a newspaper, off the record, that fishermen would likely cheat on a government insurance scheme. Guy attacked Snallwood's powerful grip as the system—a mastery that historians

world countries. "The key to Gay," says Praetz, "is that above all he's a populist. The reason for the vehemence of his political attacks is because he has a conception of what decency is." If he was gay, Gay was not friendless. While Smallwood was denouncing him in the house, he rushed around soundboards" who affect parties and wear rough sweaters to cocktail parties. "Even a native son has got to think twice these days before he questions the desperate sort of patriotism that has given us the lightest air, the hardest rocks and the whitest water in the world."

along all the tablets in easy bearing
staves of the master, as a suggestive
background for the characters. "I
will my tongue hang a foot," Guy
tells with a chuckle. "So that was a
thrilling, you know," Seaward
says he has read most of Guy's column
and feels these "exceptionally witty, al-
though astute."

The anthologies of his columns on the sports reveal a warmer, deeply human side. The first book, *You May Name Them as You Please, Nature* (1974), is a pastoral best seller, and



at Far Grenier Bay won the Stephen Leacock award in 1977. George Story, a survey scholar and a Newfoundland, has his compact writing "sing[s] absolutely true." It's captured a very distinct Newfoundland voice through the about average back then, I suppose," Gordon Pinsent, the Newfoundland-born writer and actor, uses in Guy's positive emphasis "the one area where in fact he does show himself" in his love for the country."

"son." Guy's support crew has a distinct rhythm. "Absolutely wedded it is to me," says the 25-year-old. "It's not much of a good thing to be a soloist," he writes about the enjoyment of getting out of August's weather. As old pressies receive their photograph from a relative, "they've got a smile. All done out in color, too."

the best of the Newfoundland writers at the end of that is to go into your deep of scut." May's anthologies have found a key role in the literature of Newfoundland's self-examination. May, however, sees poems as separate beings from dissonant aspects of the cultural language of the past decade. "I came along just before that roughage thing. They got going." He takes a deep sigh. "I'm not going to go into that."

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A man and a world in need

Trudeau's summit vision was all goodness and mercy—but reality looms

By Robert Lewis

It took a crew of 800 workers only four months to build the towering bridge at Montebello, Que., in 1969. Such was the rush that some plans were even drawn up after parts of the structure were completed. The history of the construction—to say nothing of the exclusive private club's slipping into someone's hands in 1971—serves as an appropriate metaphor for the Ottawa summit, which opens at the Château Montebello in a fortnight. The leaders of the seven largest industrial countries desperately want their club to avoid a scission of accommodation. But as far as—and despite Pierre Trudeau's fever-day faray through Europe last week—there are no blueprints. Instead, the 70s census the results, in effect, of having an edifice complete. During a London news conference last week end he playfully suggested that there will be only one head-line: *From Ottawa, LEADERS HAVE WAITED ONE TIME AND MONEY BY DECIDING NOTHING.*

The clever attempt to reduce expectations was the sure sign that Trudeau



Japanese Ambassador Michio Sone presents a report to Trudeau

is preparing for the worst. He started out with the vision of presiding over a session in which wealthy nations from the north of the globe (typical yearly incomes of \$8,000) would more generously share their wealth and power

Trudeau and Mitterrand meet at the Ottawa saluté global negotiations

with the poorest of the south (per capita incomes as low as \$300 a year). But after 29 separate trips to various capitals in both worlds since last summer, Trudeau has been reduced to saying that the summit will be a success if the leaders get to know each other better. As if by way of insurance, he forecasts a "difficult summit" without any assurance of success.

To be sure, Trudeau has a point when he notes that going to Ottawa merely to get along would be a significant accomplishment for a group with few new members since last summer in Venice. With harmony on his mind, Trudeau is cutting no corners in an attempt to create an informal atmosphere of intimacy (see box, page 18). But the big

"They are. François Mitterrand (France), Gro Harlem Brundtland (Norway), Helmut Schmidt (West Germany), Helmut Kohl (Germany), Margaret Thatcher (United Kingdom), and John Major (United Kingdom).

best players may be too set in their ways to do little colonial accord from a majority of countries. Never in the past six years of economic summitry have members seemed so much at odds as on many fronts. Instead of a tower, they may erect a house of cards.

The Europeans, for example, are summing up heavy imports of Japanese cars and their commanders, a松子の Pacific interest, appear to be rejecting the European view that the status quo must remain. The political referee of the cold war is at a time when the fates of pacifists are almost as their nation's: imports of 78,000, the largest since the 1960s, have demonstrated in West Germany about Helmut Schmidt's commitment to NATO's plan to increase Theatre earliest weapons in Europe, a stand Schmidt backed with a chest to reprimand his party dissidents didn't back him. The Europeans are as a complete lot, too, about Reaganism, which Schmidt charges in jolting continental interest rates to transatlantic allies. Reagan is too sure that his European allies are going along on the Soviet, especially now that François Mitterrand has included four Communists in his cabinet (see page 250). Washington has opted out of talking about



A pleased Trudeau off to meet the press after discussion with Mitterrand; one for these in a whitewashed overseas trip

Care and feeding of the eight

The special arrangement of Jellie Belles has been stayed in the lodges of Le Château Montebello for Ronald Reagan's pleasure. The deliveries of new beds, drapes, emergency supplies of blood and special dietary food are on the way. Workmen are hammering on a new roof and outfitting the main conference room with air conditioning. In Ottawa, as soon as a shelter has been left enclosed, the van is set to oppose Par la force Hill, where the Edouard Club stood before the fire in 1970, has been converted into a brick courtroom. A secretary standing in far Margerie Thatcher has even made a exit from a helicopter on the Hill town—just to prove that when necessary will displace neither man has been.

At a cost of at least \$7 million,¹ the two main vessels for the Ottawa economic summit July 20-21 are nearly ready—more ready, in fact, than are the participants. Although the prospects for an accord of substance are dim, organizers have spared nothing in orchestrating at least an atmosphere of bonhomie. The secret, in effect, is secrecy.

Pierre Trudeau has willfully that the talking will take place, as he puts it, "in the sticks" while more than 1,200 members of the world's press will be ² "Safely and never one police not included."

clined to "the stickpot of Ottawa," 66 km to the west. The leaders of the democratic world will talk only to each other, emerging at the end in dinner prepared, statements from the main stage of the National Arts Centre. Because of steady Neighborhood concern about repressive and slanted, a host of special Chevrollets will drive players the few blocks to their parties and last week Ottawa and Ottawa cops ran through a simulated hostage-taking at Rockcliffe military base.

As soon as the dignitaries land in the



Arthur detected: stopped at high noon

capital Sunday—their arrivals will be staggered between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.—they will be dropped in a new landing pad outside the biggest log house in the world, the imposing 200-room chateau restricted of B.C. cedar in 1938. There, restricted maximum security disclosed by the RCMP through which only the chateau's masses chipmunk, Arthur, can pass undetected, the eight principals and top officials will have two working sessions and three meals. CP Hotels has imported six chefs, one adept at whipping up Japanese delicacies, and will keep a bar and restaurant open



Trudeau and (right) Mitterrand, same roller

around the clock. Those who prefer the outdoors can play tennis, ride horses, pitch horseshoes, shoot arrows or swim in two pools, one indoors. They can even go fishing in the 60 lakes during the 45,000-acre preserve, part of the old seigniorial ones owned by Quebec patriote rebellion leader Louis Joseph Papineau.

When the sun sets on the sessions at Montebello the leaders will fly by a secret security ring Tuesday morning inside the newly renovated East Block. The 1893 structure was being done over again, at a cost of \$14.8 million. François Mitterrand of France will work out of Sir John A. Macdonald's office, re-named to its original state and including the first PM's desk and a throne of Queen Victoria, glazing down from a perch above the door. Reagan will sit at the desk of the first governor-general, Sir Charles St. L'Abbe Monk, and will

lunch on weapons until it can find a military buildup in nations supporting the American way. But Reagan is running into resistance—from the Japanese, who think he is pressing them too hard to spend more on defence, and from the Mexicans, who will not let Washington's new Caribbean initiatives if it means bashing Cuba and other nations where the *Revolution* before revolutionary fervor arises from poverty, not Soviet agitation.

The seven summiteers also are split on broad ideological lines. The most vivid contrast is between two of the newest faces: Mitterrand, the lifelong socialist, and Reagan, the unabashed free enterprise. While the French president's program is a mixture of nationalism and free trade—wealth—he may not take up Trudeau's invitation to stay on for a post-summit Canadian visit to get on with the plans at home. Reagan is steering ahead with deregulation and enclosures to export to America. As for his hosts, Trudeau has studiously avoided any bitching on public or private. But he surely knows that

the shape of the office to come does not lie as a hotchpot for his cherished North-South feelings. The cutting edge of Trudeau's attempt to recycle wealth to the poor is the United Nations effort to achieve a new law of the sea treaty. Yet Canada ends that several summit sessions, as do the Americans, are drafting an agreement to undertake nothing for a policy that favors private companies (see box, page 21).

While Trudeau's budget requires last week about \$1.5 billion in new taxes, in truth he would like one for three. In his attempt to recruit support on two other key North-South issues, general negotiations at the summit, which all members of the world would try to agree on a mixture of nationalism and free trade—wealth—he has to boost the fortunes of the poor countries, and establishment of a new World Bank lending window and an explanation for energy in the lands of want. After campaigning with Trudeau about their separate status as students of political science in Paris, and after assuring Trudeau that France would not cause Ottawa problems in Quebec, Mitterrand promptly endorsed global ne-

gotiations and the energy affiliate, in that, Mitterrand joins Japan, Italy and several members of the European Community. Britain's Margaret Thatcher, however, is on the other side of the Channel on the two proposals. Through the lens of the free enterprise, she views global talks at the UN and the energy world as more unnecessary bureaucracy. In that sense she is joined by Reagan, who prefers to see commercial tasks to do the dealing.

Schmidt, whose predecessor, Willy Brandt, is the architect of the two proposals, wants to postpone North-South issues until a special conference of rich and poor countries in concert in March so that the Federal is also holding out against pressure to increase German energy imports and a second private energy defender has foreign aid records and has firmly argued that the economy will not support any major expansion. Privately, senior aides to Schmidt pointed out to German reporters that Canada's own ailing record leases something to be desired, in a report released last week, the Paris-based Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development revealed that last year Canada's development assistance

had a gubernatorially synonymous record planned CND participation as "strike-breaking," leading to accusations among party government sides that there could be fuel-ups.

The computer protocols also flag other decisions still to be made. Trudeau has not yet approved the menu, although no one would be surprised by at least one meal of scrod and New Brunswick filet mignon. Although 16 courses aimed at eliciting personal tastes have made the rounds of the delegates, there have been few special requests so far. The Japanese did provide a detailed plan for placement of furniture in their suite of offices and, refreshingly to the end, an advance party measured and photographed every chair that Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki will occupy.

If they can't agree on substance and the North-South dialogue, summiteers at least can concur that their jobs are not getting any easier. With scandals, unruly militiamen, inflations and unemployment, there will be to the handily restored cabinet rooms, the less charted Ontario roads, ending at Cumberland, requires a ferry ride to the lodge. Borney got some relief from his big job, though. Last week when CTV agreed to assume the roles host broadcaster, the CBC backed out because a strike-walking strike by English network technicians threatened to shut down until the feeds to the outside world of the few photo opportunities. But CTV technicians are members of the same union, the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians. Borney congregates a nine-metre wall chart on some 300 ill-



Montebello: talking 'in the sticks,' waiting in 'the stickpot of Ottawa'

luminous and the energy affiliate, in that, Mitterrand joins Japan, Italy and several members of the European Community. Britain's Margaret Thatcher, however, is on the other side of the Channel on the two proposals. Through the lens of the free enterprise, she views global talks at the UN and the energy world as more unnecessary bureaucracy. In that sense she is joined by Reagan, who prefers to see commercial tasks to do the dealing.

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was the lowest since 1975—at 6.42 per cent of the gross national product, against a gain of 9.7 per cent Germany, meanwhile, has risen to 6.45. Canada now stands eighth among 17 G-7 nations and third among the nations seven after France and Germany.

Trudeau mentioned that the summit leaders have to give the whole North South issue a positive push forward, to keep momentum rolling into the Malvern Commonwealth Conference and the session in Mexico next fall. But he may, in turn, find himself on the defensive if, in fact, there are rumblings from Europe that this may be the last such summit. Intriguingly, Schmidt aides were dragging him in from last week, that Canada itself could be excluded from the next summit—an "France's Gaullist Gaullist" of Rétaliment did when he organized the first summit in 1973. As a grassroots and conservative home, with effective control of the mass media back in Ottawa, Trudeau may

discuss this about East-West relations, in particular has cause that military might has to precede renamed arms limitations talks with the Soviets. With Afghanistan and Poland very much on his mind, Reagan is anxious for a more assertive stance against the USSR. Although the president himself has been surprisingly vague in his public utterances, perhaps due to his recuperation period, state department officials have been dispatched to carry his message. Assistant Secretary Lawrence Eagleburger conceded in a London speech last month that incitement in US policies, the Vietnam war and Watergate contributed to past animosity between the allies. But he went on to wag a finger at "a tendency by some in Europe to use unrealistic expectations for deterrence, or fear of provoking the Soviets, as a rationale for not sustaining an adequate defense or a vigorous, outward-looking foreign policy." Having effectively put his job on the line as behalf of vice

members were all summitters the US, Britain, France, Canada and West Germany. The subsequent plan, three years in the making, called for internationally supervised elections. Although South Africa, protracted, then resigned in the deal last January, Reagan is now pursuing a policy of "constructive engagement" with South Africa by offering to train its coast guard and to expand diplomatic ties. The 59 members of the Organization for African Unity, including key states in the North-South dialogue, have condemned Canada and the other "contrarian" members for "secret and covert collusion" with the South African racists.

Not surprisingly, given the growing ranks of world irritants, Trudeau would prefer to serve up a snail in Ottawa. "No one," he opined last week, "will want to invite any one participant as anything. We've got to work together and talk together." One way Trudeau may seek to achieve the appearance of

For those in peril on the sea

The law of the sea has hardly changed since Captain Albatross sailed the Pequod out of Nantucket on his quest for Moby Dick. Written for wooden warships and merchantmen, not supertankers or oil rigs, it was enforced by—and often served the interests of—the countries with the strongest navies. And, until last March, it was a legal system that seemed about to go the way of square-riggers and steamships. After a decade of the most complicated bargaining the United Nations was about to settle on a remarkable treaty that would rewrite the law of the sea, coastal states like Canada would win the right to control port and to police fishing up to 200 miles of shore, shipping states would

estimate that within a decade more than 90 nations will have the capability to explode an atomic bomb. The traditional nations, Canada included, approached the talks in terms of armament and reactor safety, at the forefront fearing that fuel could be turned into bombs. Potholed into shadow by the ugly fact that traffic in armaments for other than spreading heat and light is a lively art, Canada, France, Germany, the U.S. and Italy all have been implicated in mysterious deals that resulted in the development of potential nuclear explosives by several nations in the past 10 years. But the issue is not likely to be exploded—or exploded—in Ottawa.

One reason may be that sensitivity in surroundings like Marquette—or Casuar, the Mexican resort that will be the site of the full meetings on North-South affairs—is not conducive to hardball. Does Ronnie Reagan really want to backhand Herr Schmidt over dinner when he knows he will see the man in the lobby the next morning? The plain truth is that the leaders can't get enough of the gifts and glitz of sumptuary in the jet age. A German minister climbs aboard a plane in Bonn, flies all the way to Mexico for a four-hour meeting, then returns home. Trudeau wakes up and decides that he wants to go home early—and, with a phone call, the departure from London is changed from afternoon to morning. In Bonn there are Mercedes, in London there are Rolls, in Paris there are Peugeots and everywhere there is the mayonnaise, the nutrider, wearing 5-pm dash-hair traffic to a halt along Place de la Concorde with the curve of Toussaint in his prime. Little wonder that there is an extra bonus in the way when they board the plane for the last leg and the west ele-

ven newly defined regions of passage through territorial waters and international straits, and poor countries—even the landlocked—would be stakeholders in the vast nickel-rich mineral resources lying on the seabed.

What remains as critical as it is uncertain is whether Trudeau or External Affairs Minister Marc MacGuigan will bring any of the eight back to the trucy during the coming summit. Trudeau will have his chance in Ottawa and again at the planned North-South summit in Mexico in October. MacGuigan will shortly meet fellow foreign ministers in Manila to prepare for that summit. But Alice Beasley, Canada's sole law ambassador, stresses that time is running out. If Washington doesn't move willingness to go along with the rest when treaty talks resume Aug. 3, Beasley thinks many countries might throw up their hands and press for a treaty without the Americans. "Far from reaching a deal, the Americans," says Beasley, "mean trouble, disputes over coastal marine



Beasley and *Gloster Explorer* and what they thought they understood, they reopened

boundaries around the globe, coastal-state claims to straits that the United States Navy considers vital strategic arteries and a rash of claims to 200-mile-wide territorial seas. Ironically, such an outcome would not even serve the U.S. interest in commercial seabed mining: experts doubt that the mining companies or their bankers would risk billion-dollar outlays without a clear title to a seabed plot and a system for settling competing claims.

Of unknown influence in all this is the unheralded Marconi meeting in late July of a group known as sea-law circles—in the Gang of Five—the U.S., Britain, France, Japan and the Soviet Union. The Soviets strongly support the sea-law treaty and are assumed to be secretly urging fellow group members to join up. But what terms might be struck in that unlikely grouping were not being revealed to other negotiators eager to co-opt the treaty talks this year. In the end, Reagan may be persuaded more by Moscow than by Pierre, Margaret, Helmut and his other friends in Ottawa.

—JOHN MAY



With Schmidt and his wife, Canada's odd couple everything to be desired



With French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson: everywhere a modocade

well be able to clash the disputation partners in a moment of silk on the North-South cause come summit's end. He also has been sending out signals that he believes long-range economic strategies should get the prime billing—"the top problem," as External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan put it over lunch with reporters in Ottawa last week.

Trudeau also knows that he will have to allow Reagan to lead an extensive

nuclear weapons, the proud Schmidt will not take kindly to such language if they should be repeated at Ottawa. As for the pacifist trend reflected in the recent demonstrations, Willy Brandt has observed: "There are worse things to think about than people in my country advocating the cause of peace."

Another touchy issue—one in which Canada again is directly involved—is the matter of independence for Namibia (South-West Africa) from South Africa. Back in the Jimmy Carter era, the U.S. sparked the creation of a "contract group" designed to work out a plan. The United Nations Association in Ottawa

gent soiree. Little wonder that people who can think, like nations, tend to get along ever so much.

The Ottawa summit may bring an end to that U.S.-Quebec and Trudeau, say, undergo a substantial softening of basic views. There seems to be very little room for compromise on even the larger items. As a sidebar, there will be a Canadian angle in the chemistry between another Margaret and Pierre Trudeau's attempt to whip up anti-national fervor (in support of his constitutional bill) may have seriously eroded his stock by Thatcher's Right. When they parted after lunch at 16 Downing Street, there seemed to be little spontaneity and warmth to the farewell. The tight-lipped press spotters already had advised reporters behind the inevitable barricade that Maggie would be unimpressed by even one question on the constitution.

At his subsequent news conference, Trudeau went both ways on the issue. He noted sympathetically that the delay in a decision by the Supreme Court means that the patriation package could arrive in London for approval in the dying days of the current session, or after Parliament adjourns until late fall. If the document clears Canada, with a favorable nod from the court but at an inopportune time for the Conservative government in Britain, said Trudeau, "It would be unwise in my part to expect them to pass it with or without us." On the other hand, he observed, Thatcher may not look forward in having the issue "hang around over here [in London] for that many months." As for the latest state of the play, Trudeau said he still had the assurance that when the constitution goes to London, Thatcher "will do her best to support the resolution." The price for a yes vote in London, however, may be vigorous opposition in Ottawa by Thatcher or Trudeau's North-South proposals.

As the leaders see fit, of course, when they gather in private, the free world is not an easy place to govern. The journalists snarl and snort and then, on their news way, "That's the trouble with democracies." Trudeau struggled last week. "They keep sending different signals. What can you do with these people?" As they strid the spacious grounds of Mountbatten, or dash in a race over-looking the Ottawa River, the leaders will get their chance to reflect on the complexities of modern life. For proof, they need not look to their stars—just at the roof over their heads. Although the white ledge was built in four months 50 years ago, the new roof won't be completed for another two years.

Quebec

Fair is fair as sparks fly upward

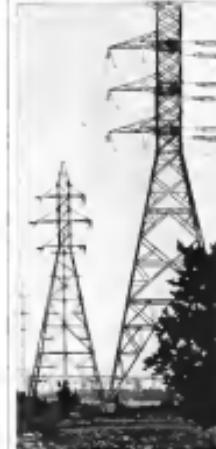


Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in his corner office.

ing the power at prices that were then considered extremely advantageous to Newfoundland. But that was before price controls passed. The energy crisis made Churchill Falls power look cheap by 1981, when the contract was up. Quebec will be paying energy rates the equivalent of \$1.50 for a barrel of oil) and Hydro-Quebec has been happily profiting by reselling surplus power to neighboring American states at up to six times what it pays for Churchill Falls power. Newfoundland has not benefited. Although Labreche has said he is willing to renegotiate the agreement, he refuses tocede on one point: Quebec will pay more for the Newfoundland energy but it still retains an buying and reselling the power, rather than allowing Newfoundland to export it directly through Quebec to the American East. Tuesday Labreche tabled draft legislation called the Energy Security Act. It amends the powers of the National Energy Board to permit the cabinet to set export power for electricity and allow the federal government to expropriate Quebec land to give Newfoundland a power corridor through Quebec. "It takes Quebecers elected by Quebecers to do such a betrayal!" Labreche has his law on the proposed federal charter of rights clause that guarantees the free movement of people and goods across the country. Labreche also claimed a right-of-way for hydro lines "no difference than one for a gas pipeline," an argument that proved fatal to the original Trans-Canada pipeline was accepted by all provinces it crossed, and its en-

W^{hat} it comes to the rehabilitation of provincial politics, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, like most here, has his own opinions. For months over the cold-weathered price of a barrel of oil, while, at the same time, nearly doubling the cost to Canadians—voted by the Liberals back into power 28 months ago partly in the belief that energy prices would stay well below world prices. The cost of a refined barrel is already at \$85.75, up \$13 since the election and only \$1.25 short of last-tens' last price. Thus, last week, Labreche turned his belated energy expert, managing with one glistening shot to get Quebec Premier René Lévesque forming Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford gloating and glovering simultaneously, and to knock the fan of the eight-province cartel front against federal interference in provincial energy matters.

At issue is Newfoundland hydroelectric power. In 1980 the Quebec government agreed to build the Churchill Falls hydroelectric project in Labrador and to lock itself into a long-term lease buy-



Hydro-Quebec towers like a pipeline?

annual import does not compare to that of hydro transmission lines with their gigantic towers.

But, ironically, neither Labreche nor Lévesque seemed to recall a 1979 precedent when Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd refused to transport natural gas from Alberta wells owned by a Quebec Crown corporation. The pipeline operator insisted it had the right to buy all gas moving through the pipe, and refused to use it to market provinces. For his part, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau gleefully told reporters that his re-elected mandate is to attend Eastern Province-New England Governors' meeting being held in St. John's would only hasten Newfoundland-American energy deals, and then he pointedly complained to Ottawa that Labreche hadn't gone far enough. Peckford wants to cut existing Hydro-Quebec transmission lines to get the power to the markets, whereas Labreche's proposal would apply only to new power lines.

Though many saw the federal move as simply an attempt to pit province against province, it was the stated intent of the draft legislation that insulted Quebecers, for whom the whole affair is a question of insult paid upon injury. If Ottawa went ahead with its plan to expropriate Quebec land, transmission lines could be carrying power not just through Quebec territory but

in the eyes of many, from St. Quebec has never recognized the 1927 Privy Council decision that awarded Labrador to Newfoundland. But even the thought of unwanted power towers materializing near you is to kick a stone. "Any line built would not stay up long," *—ANNIE BELLINE*

With files from John King and Carol Kennedy

nearest settlement to send rescuers out by snowshoe. Now as New Year's Eve, 1973, he flew 18 consecutive hours taking an ailing woman, who had already lost one eye to glaucoma, to Edmunson from Churchill. "I was so tired my eyes were 20 hours apart," he said. "I lost my other eye. Now is March, 1979, he is a 30-year-old boy from the same area to hospital Yellowknife for an emergency appendectomy. And his five babies have been born on his planes during convalescence.

Lasterich is such a recognized expert in Arctic flying that when a Panairic aircraft crashed into the frozen wasteland of Melville Island in 1974, killing 32 people, he was chosen as jury foreman for the much-publicized inquest. Born 48 years ago in Germany, he emigrated to Canada almost 30 years ago, the lean and dashing Lasterich has logged more than 25,000 flying hours without a serious accident. His ability to fly airplanes has not come into question, yet he seems to fly constantly afraid of air transport licensing and other regulations.

It was back in 1977 that Lasterich, already a 39-year Arctic veteran, applied for a license to charter his plane out of the tiny community of Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island, many of whose 300 residents started a letter-writing campaign in his support. There was just one operator then licensed to charter out of Cambridge—the now-defunct Northwind Airlines, the Air Transport Committee (ATC) seemed to think that sufficient for local residents, to whom

Bush pilot Lasterich, adding a tangled legal chapter to an Arctic legend



JOHN KING

air service is vital, were devastated. (In fact, as SCOT Cpl. Brett Wentzell was later to testify in court, Northward originally refused to let MacLean's search for missing hikers, and refused to pay up bodies while he could always get them from Lasersch.) At this point Lasersch, frustrated by red tape and delay, made a slight course alteration, leaving his phones to licensed operators in other parts of the territories, who then took charters out of Cambridge Bay—thus Lasersch and his plane at the nocturnal

To ATC that was a no-no and the same message began arriving in winter—an fewer than 200 of them by the time court hearings began in Yellowknife on May 4, each charging Lasersch with an infraction of ATC regulations and each carrying a maximum penalty of a \$5,000 fine or one year in jail. His lease arrangements, said ATC, were just a front for Lasersch to operate his own charter service out of Cambridge Bay. Moreover, he hadn't levied "penitentiary" charges on his customers, a sarcasm on an out-of-the-area pilot designed to protect the locally licensed operator.

Lasersch countered that he felt the surcharge fair enough "if the business is going to produce good service...but took what they were presenting in Cambridge Bay." Testimony from Cpl. Wentzell and others bore him out. In fact, most of the 200 disputed flights made between December, 1977, and January, 1978, had been made for the territorial government. And David Hoyt, the former ATC official who hired Lasersch to fly them, told the court that Northward often refused to fly for him or was incapable because "the man was drunk or hung over." Asked by deputy territorial court Judge Bill Smith how he knew, Hoyt replied: "There I had seen him drinking with them." Lasersch was the only one who wouldn't let him. His hospital stay, he said, had been terror of his a mother, Hoyt recalled. And, after Northward refused, Lasersch flew driven of heating oil to an outlying settlement where the supply was so low, "we were afraid people would freeze."

They last week, the third for the hearings, the case against Willy Lasersch seemed suddenly to have been thrown into doubt by his own lawyer, when Ed Brogan asked to have Judge Smith removed from the panel for what he claimed were pretrial comments made both in and out of court. That could mean a fresh trial and a further delay of weeks, but meanwhile Lasersch had one good reason to believe his gods had been pleased to his side as May 1, word had come from Edmonton that his operating certificate to fly charters out of Cambridge Bay had at last been issued by the ministry of transportation—just three days before ATC had hauled him into court. —BRUCE DURANT

British Columbia

The conquering hero moves on

ONCE again, when it concerned Terry Fox, the country was ahead of its leaders. Shortly before he died, the government gave in and announced it would issue a stamp honoring the 32-year-old athlete and his Marathon of Hope of last summer. "I like it," Fox said to his mother of the idea, before slipping back into a fetal sleep induced by the morphine dulling the pain from his cancer. In the last days, as the daily medical bulletins out of Royal Columbian Hospital remained bleak, the government moved to catch up with the public yearning to honor Fox again—before he died.

There was harkening in the idea of a stamp to honor a man critically ill with cancer, never the government had maintained that stamps were for dead heroes only. "It was a close-run thing and yet the people who had pleaded for the stamp got their way. Terry Fox was able to save the idea of 'hero' stamp while

Hage and not Terry Fox alone," Postmaster-General André Ouellet said. That ignored the fact that this was like trying to separate the dancer from the dance—or, in this case, the run from the crippled man who made it halfway across the country last summer. A day later, Fox was awakened again to learn that a \$1.6-million postbox center to be built in Ottawa will carry his name.

The latest honors showed that the country's desire to respond to the courage demonstrated on his stubborn journey last year had not been extinguished. Montreal's winter, the ribbons-and-snowflake shape of the Order of Canada had been placed around his neck, and the premier of British Columbia dropped by his parents' living room in Port Coquitlam to present him with the Order of the Dogwood, his namesake province's highest honor. The hope was that he would live to enjoy these honors even as he walked and lost weight and the cancer forced him to return to hospital. This spring, as the cold rainy weather made his coughing worse, Simon Fraser University, where he once studied kinesiology, held its convocation and presented the Terry Fox Gold Medal to the student who exemplified his courage



Terry Fox and wife Rose, whom hospitalized last fall, come home today

he was still alive. It is doubtful if he, or they, cared about the legislative compromise devised to keep postal tradition intact. "Surely speaking, the stamp will summarize the Marathon of

and character," Fox, who couldn't attend the ceremony, was the first to say.

His death transformed a man, who had shown the human-tragedy traits of stoicism and occasional bitterness at his failing run, into a symbol of the will to overcome. Fox had first caught the imagination of Canadians in the summer of 1980, a time when hope and determination were scarce. The resurgence of cancer ended his run in Thunder Bay, Ont., last September, but it came too late to prevent Fox from

succumbing as his own hero. He had already raised the \$1 million for cancer research that was his original goal. Eventually, the Canadian Cancer Society received \$3 million in donations as the money rolled in as a remarkable outpouring of sympathy.

Fox returned to Vancouver refusing to profit from his new celebrity status, turning down the inevitable fast-buck promotional offers. There were few public appearances, and he retreated within his circle of family and friends to continue the fight in private. People were still concerned, though, as Fox



Wearing the Order of Canada



Shipping across Northern Ontario, of Toronto City Hall; and the end of the race, a man succumbing to his own illness



spent the wish for privacy of a man who had made himself nationally known. There were no sources of paparazzi trying for that last exclusive shot of Fox in hospital. His family came and went in the last days, almost unnoticed by the television reporters doing their stand-up shots on the wide lawns of the hospital.

Dr. Lorraine Ansook, the hospital's medical director and a wife who sometimes had trouble concealing his feelings for Terry Fox, delivered the eulogies in the last days. Interferon, the largely untested drug which was Fox's last hope, didn't help him, didn't work against the metastatic carcinomas, the secondary and relatively rare type of cancer that had spread from his bones into his lungs. Interferon, a protein substance produced by cells to alert other cells to the presence of hostile viruses, may help other cancer victims. The B.C. government invested \$30 million in a medical foundation in Fox's name to test one type of the drug. But at the end, the hapless-for-miracle drug set aside, in constant pain, Terry Fox tried to keep smiling and joking with visitors. Self-grief was one affliction he did not have. —MALCOLM GRAY



While stage actress-dancer Debbie Gibson was hogging for food at Toronto's trendy St. Lawrence Market, her "coolest fan and longest critic," not *Cherstapeke*, 17, was walking the streets looking for a job. "I make my own work," says the 100-lb. dynamo, who has to work 11 weeks before a few examples as Debbie Walsh in Neil Simon's *Theory Playing Our Song* (Galtos) and co-star *Hot Suburbia* (TV). Dr. Robert (in *House Calls*) is portraying the sweet, innocent relationship between songwriter Marvin Hamlisch, who played the tunes for the show, and singer-lyricist Carole Bayer Sager, who has now down Hamlisch's road with another songwriter, Bert Kaempfert. Gibson says she regrets not being offered the role of Jenny in the poorly received film adaptation of Simon's last effort, *Chapter Two*, after she originated the part to critical acclaim on Broadway. "Maybe it's sour grapes," says Gibson, "but I don't think she play translated well on screen."

At 25, prima ballerina Jennifer Fairley, who has been dancing with Britain's Royal Ballet for 17 years, is talking about retirement. The Englishwoman, who just received superstars last year when she won the New Standard ballet award in London, may

bring up her toes when to have a family at her house on Saltspring Island off Vancouver. "That house has been the light at the end of the tunnel for me for years," says Penney, who has heralded nearly every summer since she left the country at 16. Canadian audiences have an opportunity to see her perform a modern work in which, she says, "you can express yourself more freely," when the Royal Ballet performs Kenneth Macmillan's *Glory* at Toronto's McPhail Centre this month.

The sing-along-clap-along melodic of *Raff and Sharon*, Lois and Brew may be fine for some of the *Smooth Street* generation, but this *Bucks* think it's about time rock 'n' roll to ring out in the corners of the nation. The *Bucks*, fronted by rockabilly star, shagging-area and travelin' troubadour Jimi Finkenauer, rockabilly star, shagging-area and travelin' troubadour to a



The *Bucks* (above), actress-dancer Debbie (above left), maybe better luck

album tentatively titled *At the Other End of the Universe*, featuring an easier space theme and songs such as Earth Orange ("He was such a bad fruit/He came here to conquer in his orange space suit"), *The Shape of Stone* ("They're fabulous/Attractive/Alluring"), and *Aliens* ("I've survived every other delay and indignity. If prosperity is heading my way, I gonna 'll live through that, too").

Lady Diana Spencer's wedding dress cost a mere 25,000 (\$12,000) but one Hong Kong manufacturer has offered 10 times that price—just to get an advance look at it. Within 38 hours of the gown's debut, imitations are expected to be a multimillion-dollar business. To

ers into paragons of delight. "What we do is a sort of *Magical Mystery Tour* for kids," says Herbert. "The soft-and-simple school of song will just have to move over for Mason (Alabama) and new wave campfire songs."

Over the past 15 years, Toronto's senior *Rock* & *Sharon*, Lois and Brew may be fine for some of the *Smooth Street* generation, but this *Bucks* think it's about time rock 'n' roll to ring out in the corners of the nation. The *Bucks*, fronted by rockabilly star, shagging-area and travelin' troubadour Jimi Finkenauer, rockabilly star, shagging-area and travelin' troubadour to a

full premature pecker, Lady Di's before-birth unknown designer, David and Elizabeth Emanuel, have destroyed all their preliminary sketches of the work and have sworn their staff to secrecy, while the Royal Family posted a round-the-clock guard on the creation. Both royal security leaves Edmiston's Theatre Network with no hope of authenticity when it hosts its magical ball on July 29, complete with the winners of its Lady Di and *Princess Charles* lookalike contests. Coordinator Kay Steacy, who supervises applicants (you look like either of the royal couple but not both), describes the "para-thrill" event as a 1970s party for non-formal invitation-holders.

In early June, when the *Frederator Daily Gleaner* dropped Gary Freedman's popular comic strip, *Doomsday*, because it "contains language which will be considered obscene" (i.e., the words "f---ed" and "c---t"), the paper was hit by an angry barrage of protest by an anonymous *Doomsday* fan letter writer, Mrs. Linda, the provincial deputy minister of fisheries, and the merits of other stripe found on the *Gleaner* comic page. He pointed up *Doomsday's* violence and strangely explicit sexual relationships and declared that *Matt Beoff* needed "a retooling for proper social values." After three weeks, the



The strip that offended the *Gleaner*, and (right) impersonator Jim Carrey

Gleaner declared that "the funny page should f---," and capitulated—*Doomsday* is now running on its letters page.

A though shuttle king Henry Kissinger has had the American media eating out of his hand, he recently failed to impress the smalltalkers at New York's powerful Council on Foreign Relations. "Super-K" finished ninth in a race for eight places on the board. "This was just a f---," explained Weston Lord, a former Kissinger protégé at the state department who is now president of the council. Worse, a week later, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a ruling in which Kissinger (along with Richard Nixon and John Mitchell) may be accountable for damages to another for-

mer aide, Morton Hevesi, in an illegal wiretapping authorized during the Nixon administration. But no need to worry about Henry. *New York magazine* just invited him one of the Big Apple's mostelists with the largest amount of that mostel-prone campy-tan quality—sexual stamina.

When Canada's famous past living *Layton* married his one of his York University students, *Harriet Bernstein*, nearly three years ago, the bride's par-

ents, *Malvin Layton*, following 1978 wed-

ding, just five months after the birth

of *Jack Bernstein*, vice-president of *Fairmont Players*, and opera singer *Mary Bernstein*, weren't too thrilled about the age gap. Layton was then 68 and Harriet, 20. Bernstein, who is 39 years Layton's junior, made it clear he never wanted to be called "dad." Last week Bernstein had all four of his fatherly references removed when Layton left his wife just five months after the birth of their first child, *Savannah*. The couple's *Nuggets*—on-the-lake, Get, home is up for sale and Layton says the *and* *Savannahs* are returning to Toronto. "An *As for Irving's place," says Harriet "will that's for him to decide."*

"All right," said Jim Carrey as he righted up his tie before walking onto the stage of *Rodney Dangerfield's* club in New York City, "let's go get famous." The 39-year-old super-incompetent from *Jackie's Pests*, *One*, had no trouble coping with the audience—my-cousins types, and their surges of *New Jersey* jokes—but his *my-best-experiment* was a walk. Parading *my best-father* *Tom Jones*, Carrey drew off the *Take Off* *guitar* off of *the ladies* in the crowd and a general round of applause from the house down. "They're not *Larry*, but you're *namey*," was older told him. *Boo* starting up on amateur nights at *Toronto's* *Yuk-Yuk's* two years ago, Carrey has turned his pelvic but banal images into a solid world of *sheeriac* engagements in *N.Y.C.*, a booking at next month's *Laugh Festival* of *Hollywood* in *Orlando*, *One*, and a featured role in a *CBS* TV drama due for taping this summer. The ultimate accolade came from *Dangerfield's* co-owner, *Tony Beekman*. "He's as handsome, he's middle America."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



Arm now and talk later

Arms control talks are on the back burner as Reagan's team chooses its weapons

By Michael Posner

Sometime in August, the Reagan administration will confront two tough and far-reaching defense decisions: what to do about the MX missile and the B-1 bomber. On Pentagon drafting boards for more than a decade, the MX is America's newest generation of intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM), designed to replace an aging and increasingly vulnerable arsenal of land-based Minuteman IIs and IIs, which themselves form the core of U.S. nuclear deterrence. As originally conceived, some 500 MX missiles—each carrying 10 nuclear warheads—were to have been scattered continuously among 4,000 underground silos in the Great Basin of Utah and Nevada. In the acronym-punctuated world of the military, this elaborate silo game was known as MX-PI—far multiple, prototypic shelter. Its root assumption, with less than five per cent of the silos occupied at any one time, the Soviet Union would never be able to predict accurately where the U.S. missiles were located.

But while few question the looming vulnerability of the present MXs, many influential voices have declared stiff opposition to the MX system. At a bare minimum, MX deployment will cost American taxpayers \$4 billion; if the grand design was fully implemented, the total tab could reach \$22 billion by 1986—nearly the entire defense budget taken in history, without any conflict. Others, as environmentalists, argue that its construction could wreak unpredictable havoc on the fragile desert ecology. True strategically there are reasons to believe the MX system is less than a necessity. New satellite techniques, a congressional report suggested last week, might permit the Soviets to detect which silos have contained missiles and which did not. In combination, the arguments add up to substantial political pressure. In Utah, the Mormon Church has taken a firm stand against MX. Last week, two western senators, Utah's Jake Garn and Nevada's Paul Laxalt—Ronald Reagan's closest congressional constituents—urged the president to do some other way to deploy it.

There are other halting options, as the congressional report outlined, but none is risk-free. Putting the MX in existing Minuteman silos offers a strategic ad-



soil arms patrols, and (below from left) disucssers, Minskberg and Rostow: adversary nations should grasp any opportunity to reduce the nuclear threat.



antage. Building an antiballistic missile defense system to protect its silos would mean the arms race is a two-front war. Within the U.S. military establishment, there is a strong argument for a scaled-down MX, but at present the missile is too large to be fitted on the army's nuclear submarines. Moreover, if the Reagan administration were to choose a sea-based system, it is likely that its MX silos would quickly press for a naval deployment of the theatre nuclear weapons it wants to sit as land, to the mounting alarm of Europe's left wing. In short, fielding the MX is a considerable dilemma. A six-to-nine panel of neogovernment experts is expected to deliver its final report to Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger early this month.

This decision is complicated by a second controversy on the merits of constructing the B-1 strategic bomber (at as much as a tidy \$240 million each). Its alternative, the radar-guided Stealth bomber, to replace the B-52, which will be obsolete by the end of the decade. If Reagan chooses the B-1, which had already cost \$7.2 billion be-

fore Jimmy Carter canceled it, the Stealth bomber will be delayed for lack of funds. If he chooses Stealth, because Soviet advances are already being made in anti-aircraft systems, the price will have to go up to secure the nuclear truce. Whatever Reagan's choice, it is bound to carry profound implications for U.S. foreign policy. The administration is even now facing increasing pressure to engage the Soviet Union in various arms limitation or arms reduction talks. As it did in 1980, shortly after Richard Nixon's inauguration, Moscow has been holding out a long car to Washington, offering immediate negotiations on strategic and theater nuclear forces. With the fate of Poland hanging perpetually on the brink, it does not hurt Leopold Brezhnev to be perceived as the eager pragmatist, especially since the Reaganites, new to power and slow to frame their policies, are scarcely likely to accept the offer.

The Reagan response has been, in some respects not unlike Nixon's. Trying to go one better, the president has suggested he is more interested in actually reducing the number of weapons

than in the shortest and easiest-to-verify treaty set out in the still unsigned 1979 SALT II agreement. At the same time the administration has repeatedly insisted, as Weinberger did, that any negotiations with Moscow must be linked to the Kremlin's actions around the globe—intervention in Poland by Warsaw Pact forces being the principal American concern. Predictably, the Soviets have rejected such linkage, lest it appear they need some concession agreements more urgently than does the U.S. But even some Americans, including Gerald Smith, chief negotiator for the Senate, believe limitation treaties ought not to be made conditional on the actions in the other areas of a rival nation. Witness Smith is Dashiell H. a chronicler of SALT II. "In that nuclear age, living under the threat of almost instant destruction—adversary nations should grasp any opportunity to reduce that threat." Such agreements have, Smith contends, "independent value."

Looking beyond the rhetoric, few analysts doubt the two sides will meet when the moment is actually propitious. The White House likes to say that the process is already under way, evidenced by Secretary of State Alexander Haig's negotiating dialogue with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin. But that is talk, not negotiation. The first significant encounter will come this fall at the special US session on disarmament, where Haig will meet his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko. Nevertheless, formal negotiations are unlikely until next spring. As Eugene Rostow, design-

ated head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, candidly told his Senate confirmation hearing last week: "Perhaps a bright light will strike our sides, but I don't know anyone who knows what it is yet that we want to negotiate."

The longer it takes to begin negotiating, the more strain will be placed on Washington's relations with Europe. Commencing in 1982, five NATO nations have agreed in principle to host MXs and Pershing II missiles, intermediate nuclear weapons that constitute the ultimate answer to the Soviet Union's mobile SS-20. But their agreement is contingent on negotiations to progress toward arms limitation.

To these diplomatic debacles has now been added another potential difficulty—the effectiveness of the cruise missile. Recent studies have raised questions about the weapon's performance, in 10 missile launches, four crashed, and changes may be required before the first MXs can be launched for Britain in December, 1983—unless it can be installed.

It all amounts to a confusing matrix, obscured by claims from both sides about the other's arms buildup or warhead advantage. Out of it must somehow emerge commitments by Soviets and Americans able to begin reducing their immense nuclear arsenals. Or else, as Einstein warned, this is nothing short but general apocalyptic.

With this from Keith Charles in Moscow and Fred Mitter in London.



Cruise missile (above); and artist's conception of an MX missile ready for launching from an underground silo; Moscow has been holding out a long car.



Unexpected bedfellows

Chances of ever meeting, if he ever has, are slim, but the two could always drive a taxi. It ought not to prove an insurmountable worry. Last week the 69-year-old right-hand man to Communist party leader Georges Marchais, having just lost his parliamentary seat to a Socialist, found himself instead not only at the helm of France's transport ministry but the star attraction of the Elysée palace's oval council-table—perched, appropriately, just to the left of President François Mitterrand, who had waged international wrath for domestic insatiable by inviting four Communists into the inner sanctum of cabinet.

As a bonton of photographic shots flew. Flattered and his three comrades in historical doape—the first Communist ministerial appointment in a major Western country in more than three decades—the shock wave spread well beyond France's borders. For many, the move was all the more surprising for being unexpected in the wake of the staggering Socialist 265-seat sweep of the 1981-seat National Assembly, which left the Communists reduced to 14 per cent of the vote and halved their votes in a mere 44, the pundits were so busy ballying the fact that Mitterrand as longer needed them to aggregate that it was precisely because he no longer needed them that he could afford the luxury of including them in government.

It was a calculation that Washington, above all, failed to make—so that when Vice-President George Bush arrived at the Elysée for his lunch with Mitterrand, just minutes after Wednesday's historic cabinet meeting, his drivers were instructed to be sure he was not led by his lackeys en route to avoid meeting Communist ministers. Later, on the presidential palace steps, Bush perfunctorily addressed the "communist," and thus right, the state department made the equally alarmist announcement that the "less and less" of France-US support had been affected. What the Americans most feared was that the appointment would open the way for a similar move in Italy, and they seemed bent on making it clear that this could not be sanctioned.

For the rest, much of the panic in the North American media about Communist ministers having access to allied defense secrets betrayed a basic ignorance of the workings of France's presidential system. The 77 seats held by

reporting Mitterrand's alleged assurance that all security decisions would be taken in restricted discussions which wouldn't include the four Communist ministers, but the truth is that all major decisions are made that way, the cabinet frequently hearing of policy only just ahead of the public.

Nor were the Communist puritans—transport to Pflzheim, health to Jack Eddy, a 55-year-old cultural journalist for the party daily *L'Humanité*, vocational training to 38-year-old party dignitary Marcel Rigout, and the voluntary of public service and administrative reforms to a respected party secretary and senator, 50-year-old André Le Poer—either major or sensitive ones. What they did signal was that Mitter-



Communist ministers (from left) Le Poer, Mitterrand, Rigout and Relais, shock waves spread well beyond France's borders



Mitterrand (seated left) and André Le Poer (seated right) at the back genesis door

rand, more firmly anti-Soviet and pro-American than his predecessor, does not intend to be pandered around internationally. And the White House ought not to have been surprised at what the Paris daily *Le Monde* called "the disguised Treaty" when, a few days ago, the US ambassador to Washington, George Marshall, Chayes, had warned that allies "should not" object to the appointment of Communist ministers unless they were met with the answer: "It's none of your business."

That was precisely the view in Ottawa. After the moon blown up by Le Poer, Mitterrand was clearly taken aback when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau flew in for his 18-hour visit and presented a formal protest that it didn't bother Canada, miffed on an explanation. Certainly Trudeau was at a loss to recognize that it wouldn't be seemly to comment on another country's internal affairs. It is just that principle the federal government wants France to continue to respect in relation to Quebec, and Mitterrand reportedly volunteered over lunch that he would never do anything to upset Canada's neighbour.

In fact, the predictions of international panic over Mitterrand's cabinet surprise failed to materialize. The press wavered by barely three columns, the

age. By sparing the Communists, who had clearly helped vote him into office, he would have risked not only their opposition to his policies in parliament but, worse, their defiance on the factory floors. In the intricate accords wrangled out last week, the Communists agreed to co-operate at regional and municipal levels, where they hold considerable power in France, as well as nationally and, more important, in industry as well.

Internationally, Mitterrand managed to silence those at a peace that left them "in the know," as the daily *L'Humanité* put it. By signing an appeal for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan and a testament to the Polish right to self-determination, the French Communist party, which had led the most resolutely pro-Moscow line of any in the West, effectively disengaged itself from the Kremlin.

The implications, which rocked the central committee, were a no-holds-bar debate in its steel and coal headquarters, and a challenge to the authority of party chief, Marchais, who acknowledged that his diminished luck will be heading in internal self-annihilation for some time to come. That ideological battle will reinforce their inclination to raise a ruckus for at least the next two years—just the time Mitterrand needs. No one in the Socialist Party dares to look further now.

The Spanish ex-Communist writer Jorge Semprun has headed the French Communists as being "without doubt the most stupid, the most hypocritical and the most treacherous of all the Marxist." His assessment derives in part from the fact that each time they have crossed the threshold of power, they have ultimately found it more comfortable to forsake their own country's interests for those of the Soviets. Some pundits predict that their recent decline will prevent a repetition of this process and continue to make them dependent as the Socialists. Others say that after prolonged rest and recuperation they will force a rapture to prove their independent muscle. In that case, Charles Fiterman might find a sad home, rather useful.

MARSH MCDONALD



stock exchange went up and, as René Chauvelot Holston Schindt put things in perspective with the quip that Communist ministers were "a nice infection disease."

Some of his (and Trudeau's) equanimity may spring from the fact that over seven the energetic Mitterrand has proved himself a tactician capable of outflanking critics on every side. Those who had been busy chortling about his opportunism in using the Communists to come to power now find themselves faced with a president who remained faithful to the class line for a solid left, which he first made on taking over the disjointed Socialist Party 10 years

Africa

Breakthroughs among the feuding

The past had often been made before at meetings of the Organization of African Unity (OAU). "We make speeches and speeches," said President Omar Bongo of the oil-rich central African country of Gabon. "But it's no good unless they take us much further forward." Bongo, one of 31 heads of government assembled in Nairobi, Kenya, for last week's 10th annual summit of the OAU, was supporting a suggestion by Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere that leaders should keep their addresses short since there was "important business to get through."

Indeed there was. Key agenda items that threatened to be squelched by the self-congratulatory and irrelevant oratory of such men as Master Sergeant Samuel Doe of Liberia (who succeeded his predecessor, President William Tolbert, in 1980 while Tolbert was chairman of the OAU), included:

- The urgent need to solve the problem of Western Sahara (see map).
- Conflicting claims to Sudánese President Gaafar Nimeiri, who closed his embassy in Tripoli during the OAU meeting, and Libyan leader Muammar Khadafy over Cyrenaica.
- The minor border dispute between Somalia and Ethiopia, who fought a war in 1977-78 over the Ogaden, and
- The future of Namibia, where attempts to achieve UN-supervised elec-

tions by five Western countries, including Canada, seemed to have stalled thanks to a perceived tilt by the Reagan administration in the direction of the occupying power, South Africa.

At the outset, Nairobi seemed to be the only subject on which member states agreed. There was wide support for President Sani Ngomo of the South-West Africa People's Organization, in his criticism of what he called "the emerging unhealthy alliance between Washington and Pretoria." Moves to establish a South African Treaty Organization involving the U.S., South Africa and South American countries, were described as a threat that could engulf Africa.

On inter-African issues there was less unanimity. Nevertheless, the OAU surprised its detractors by taking an enormous step forward over the

Nyerere trying to keep Khadafy at bay



Western Sahara. First Libya, the principal armchair of the Polisario guerrillas, offered mediation in this dispute with Morocco. Then, much to delegates' surprise, Morocco's King Hassan announced, in a major reversal of policy, that he was ready to hold a referendum in the disputed territory.

Over Chad, too, an apparent deadlock was cleared. A resolution approved Saturday called on all member states to recognize and support the "transitional government" of President Goukouni Oueddeï. Made to Libyan delight, the resolution did not call for the immediate withdrawal of Libyan forces, authorizing instead the formation of a pan-African peacekeeping force to replace "foreign troops."

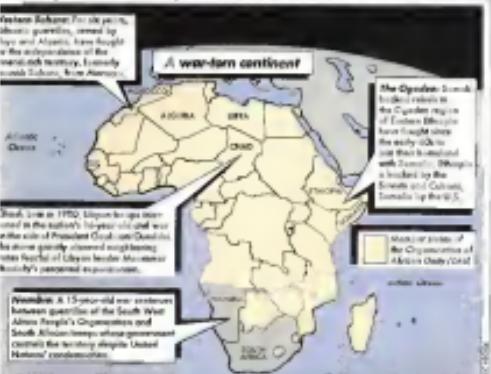
As the summit drew to a close two major issues remained: the Ogaden, and who would be the next chairman and host of the OAU. On the first, delegates were expected to coauthor themselves with a call that existing boundaries should be respected. As for the chairmanship, last year's choice of Khadafy was likely to remain endorsed despite a strongly worded speech from Nyerere, who claimed the Libyan leader had only turned up for one of the 10 meetings, in Kampala, "to say hello to his good friend Mr. Assi." "I fear that Khadafy is a destabilizing influence, however, who were not as great as those that of the blacklisted him his currently helpful attitude might change."

China

For Hua, the die is cast

After nearly two weeks of secret sessions, held in sequestered rooms in a government guest house in western Peking, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party appeared last week to have completed its task. Six months behind schedule, the more than 300-member body has reportedly succeeded in hammering out a consensus on the political fate of Chairman Hua Guofeng and on the record of the Great Helmsman himself. Chairman Mao Tse-tung's endorsement of those decisions, reached after political bargaining between Mao loyalists and supporters of Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping, was expected this week before the 8th plenary session of the 11th Party Congress.

Although Chinese officials cast a cloak of silence over the meetings, indications were that Deng had achieved a compromise whereby his opponents would back his effort to oust Hua and pursue economic and political reforms



MAPS

An ordeal that may not be over

A suspect is charged with the latest Atlanta murder



By William Lowther

As Georgia wind was blowing down the Chattahoochee River on the fringes of Atlanta last week, a 35-year-old Wayne Barreto Williams lay unconscious, at peace with the world, in a heavily guarded prison cell. "They're predicting severe thunderstorms," said Sheriff Leroy Stinchcombe, as he cracked his gun belt a little higher, pausing for effect. "But they won't hit the tornados this case is gonna cause."

To an international fanfare of headlines, editorials, hypocrisies, invective and allegation—but precious little evidence—Williams charged last week with killing 25-year-old Nathaniel Carter, a drunken doffy who just happened to be the latest in a string of 28 members of young Black who has left the city torn and frightened. The case against Williams, an intelligent middle-class black who worked as a free-lance photographer and talent scout, hangs



Williams under armed guard (left) and from B.C.

by a series of threads too bare, green carpet fibers and tiny traces of violet cotton from a hedgehog that, police say, took Williams to Carter. Threads and a padded drive, Williams made down to the Chattahoochee two days before Carter's male body floated up from the river bottom.

Scientific experts from all over North America—including one from the RCMP—have visited Atlanta to examine the microscopic fibers and others that, police now suggest, point to Williams as the culprit in 13 other murders. But, as District Attorney Lewis Slaton had said and again said, Williams first came under suspicion in May, the evidence is circumstantial, fragile and remote. All of it would fit into a thumb. In fact, it was only after extraordinary political pressure, including phone calls from Vice-President

it return for the restoration of Mao to a revered, though not sacred, position.

The deal broke a political stalemate that had paralyzed Deng's efforts to shape the leadership to his liking and had forced the postponement of the plenum, originally due in start last December, until mid-June. Deng had been unable to obtain central committee approval of Hua's resignation—prudered under pressure at a politburo meeting in December—thanks to the opposition of Mao loyalists who believed they were also fighting for their own political leases. Whether the compromise with Deng would safeguard the conservatives' positions remained in doubt. They were known to have taken heart last week from an article in the party newspaper, *The People's Daily*, by Wei Gaoping, head of the general political department of the armed forces, which reaffirmed Mao's revised role. But the thick document reassessing the chairman's role which was before the central committee downgraded Mao from his once god-like status, concluding that he made "serious mistakes" which had severely damaged the party and nation though, on balance, he had achieved "more good than bad."

At week's end, the prospect was that Hua would step down to a lesser post, perhaps a vice-chairmanship, to make way for Deng associate Hu Yaobang,



Hua, a flesh return in store.

secretary-general of the party. In that event, Deng would have cleared the last major obstacle to his policies designed to undo the damage done by the Cultural Revolution and to modernize the economy. A \$500-million loan announced by the World Bank last week will be used to finance higher technical education. But just how economic reform will be carried out promises to be a vexing issue. Will China decentralize its economic management, conserve energy and rely on massive infusions of foreign aid, as the World Bank team mentioned in its report last week? The problems are more formidable than any that Deng has yet faced. —P.L.

George Bush—the White House has spent \$56 million in federal funds to pay special investigators—to Georgia Governor George Busbee, who has been criticized for not doing enough to solve the case, and Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, who is facing an election that Busbee now persuaded to bring the charges of all.

That will, or possibly not, Williams will go before a grand jury that will decide if he should go to trial. But already the case is being hailed as potentially one of the most sensational in U.S. criminal history. The night he was arrested a performance of the Atlanta symphony was interrupted to inform the concert audience, which rose to its feet and cheered. All but last lines of cars drove slowly past the little red-brick one-story house at 1817 Pensacola Road in northeast Atlanta where Williams lived with his elderly parents. His father, House, would occasionally emerge, teeth clenched, jaw jutting, to wave a fist at journalists and spectators on the sidewalk. But that did not deter the watchers, many of whom had brought cameras. "Because this is history," said housewife Louise Blackburn.

The murders began in 1970 and early on, in public and press perception, a single killer was suspected. But police never saw it that way. Slaton now says that the murders probably fall into three groups. Eleven of the killings are unrelated to any others, he says. Three or four of them are near relatives, with relatives or acquaintances as prime suspects. But a male murderer is thought to be responsible for 14 deaths, among them Carter's, and a second, royal killer, who entered the act in late last November, is blamed for three deaths.

Williams, who drives irresponsibly for any of the murders, first came under suspicion on May 22 when police were closing out the South Cobb Drive bridge over the Chattahoochee. They heard a loud splash and saw a car slowly crashing in. Williams was driving the car. He was questioned and let go. No car had actually been hit when Williams was driving out of the car and nothing could be found in the river. But two days later, when Carter's body surfaced, experts estimated that it might well have been thrown from the bridge about the time Williams was crashing. He was put under 24-hour surveillance and his house was searched. Five managers were taken from a carpet and a bedspread, and his driver's license and car registration, which was recovered from his car.

Microanalyst Larry Keith Peterson of the Georgia State Crime Lab told the judge who heard Williams over last week that there was "no significant macroscopic" difference between those cases and similar ones found on Carter's body. But as Edward Garland, an Al-

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lawa, criminal defense attorney, pointed out, it will take a great deal to convince a jury that microscopic analysis can link one hair with a dog or seafire with one carpet. At worst's end no further charges had been brought and, despite one investigator's hope, no one had come forward with incriminating information to distract Wayne Williams' personal peace. ◇

The tables turn on gambling

Pat Barron believed there was a sucker born every minute, but Atlantic City is proving him wrong. After three years of operation, the boardwalk earnings have failed to attract sufficient numbers of free-spending gamblers. As a result, four of the seven gaming and resort hotels have re-

open, has announced plans to expand by 1,800 rooms. Two more hotel chains are scheduled to open this summer. But the reported diminished earnings have persuaded several other large developers, such as Hilton, among them—to delay, perhaps indefinitely, plans to build their own complexes.

With more than 100 new convention centers, arenas, and halls, casino operators have resorted to special day-trip packages catering to the low-spending "leave-and-pick" trade. "Since day-trippers come down, have a nice stroll at the boardwalk, and never come out of the casinos," says Peter Phillips, Philadelphia accounting firm which specializes in financial analyses of the leisure industry. "Casino operators are going to have to attract a far more upscale clientele," says Benjamin Rotwisch, spokesman for the New Jersey Casino Control Commission.

Casino owners, however, blame many

now, as earnestly as trial in Las Vegas for attempting to defraud the Teamsters' union of \$1 million. Worse, a former member of the casino commission, Kenneth N. MacNeale, has been indicted in an Atlantic prosecution; he is accused of accepting \$35,000 from a phony Arab sheik. Overall, crime in Atlantic City has risen some 179 percent since the first casinos opened its doors.



Results International audience (right) and native English users, C400-22

of their problems on the central coast. They claim that New Jersey's stiff regulations require so many non-supervisory personnel that it is 40 per cent more expensive to run an operation there than in Nevada. Even so, there are recurrent rumors of attempts by the Mob to muscle in. Two weeks ago, New Jersey Attorney-General James R. Fahey recommended that the nation's largest casino operator, the Del E. Webb Corp., be denied permission to operate in New Jersey. The corporation, rumored to have underworld connections,

take local business so to upgrade do-
ing property out of sight of the
Buddhist tourists.

Barber, Bob Wilson and Ken Lorraine, Edmenton Oiler Wayne Gretzky, Los Angeles King Marcel Dionne and Pittsburgh Penguin Randy Carlyle, also likely than Toronto Maple Leaf Barry Steflik, who scored the overtime goal in '76, will be an ambassador by absence as will be most members of the 1970 team. Only eight of those who played five years ago are likely to arrive at training camp.

The team will be coached by Bert Bowman of the Buffalo Sabres, who was Philadelphia's first all-star Robin.

SPORTS

Speeding to the Canada Cup

Wintry thoughts come early this year as the NHL begins to assemble its all-stars

By Hal Quinn

As the bugs of summer strike, the best bugs of winter are preparing for an Arctic start to the year. Local and international groups of francophone hockey fans, the sport's evangelists who died in Vienna putting the finishing touches on reorganizing the Canada Cup series, An National Hockey League President John Ziegler tried to iron out problems concerning defending Captain Alex Evangelistou caused the cup's second meeting. The tournament, originally scheduled for last year, fell victim to the anti-Soviet atmosphere following the invasion of Afghanistan, and the Tatar lawyer has been busy with its resumption ever since.

Clarke as his assistant. After a series of intrasquad games the 34 hopefuls will be trimmed to 28 or 30 players in time for the tournament opener in Montreal.



Engleman (above); Gretzky (left) playing against Bitter in Toronto last year; a search for the smell of food is underway.

the principal ingredient needed to dominate the European teams. Those teams—the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Poland and the U.S.—will be as good or better than five years ago. As Engleman points out: "The Czechs will be hurt by the law of the Statutes [Marion, Antler and Peter all defected to join the Quebec Nordiques], but they need the Soviets in their last tournament meeting. They also have a gas raved by the NHL, nexting barons as the best 18-year-old player [Dedekov] in the world." The Swedes will have 32 players in the NHL to draw on, and a young defense with proven veterans Mark Howe, Red Langway, Ken Marcks, Howe Langevin, says Engleman. "There has also been an agreement reached with the other hockey federations that a player can play for a country if he was born there or holds that country's passport." A special request was made for [Chicago Black Hawks' goalie] Tony Esposito and to hell with the U.S. team."

Eagleton rains the Soviets and Canada 3-2 (Sweden, Sweden 3-1, Czechoslovakia 4-1, the U.S. 5-1 and the USSR 9-4. The final is scheduled for Sept. 13. That day the Expos are supposed to play the Chicago Cubs. Hockey may be the only game in town. ☺



The team will be coached by Scott Bowman of the Buffalo Sabres, who will have Philadelphia's three All-Star goalies.

What Sugar wants, Sugar gets

Even the spell of the playing cards, dice, dominoes, the human skull and uncoked chicken wasn't enough in the Houston Astrodome last Thursday night the supposed bench mark of a Ugandan with doctor's authority failed to penetrate the boxing wizardry of Sugar Ray Leonard. The good doctor, Ben Magrath, attempted to hit Leonard and cast his mysticism, Ayah Kabale, a successful defense of his World Boxing Council's (WBC) junior middleweight title. But Leonard, the World Boxing Council's (WBC) welterweight champion, was setting the future clearly—poorly—the most lucrative fight in boxing history—and added Kabale's title to his belt in the ninth round.

Although Leonard has fought only 21 times as a professional, he is already the sport's most amply rewarded. After a gold medal at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, he signed a multimillion-dollar TV contract with his home, collected \$4.5 million for losing his title to Roberto Duran, \$6 million for winning it back and \$1.5 million for taking Kabale's. His previous purses will be reentered partly by his next fight, in September. In a match he was looking toward last week, Leonard will meet Thomas Hearns, who holds the WBC's half of the welterweight title. Even Magrath could safely predict a \$30-million gross for that site.



LEAGUE BANK Ray after beating Kabale (left), perhaps the last welterweight era's

a

right that dropped him.

There were only six seconds left in the round but the referee, Carlos Bernabe of Panama, stopped the fight when Kabale regained his feet. The Kikate camp plans to file a protest.

But nothing will deter the long-awaited showdown with Hearns, who easily turned back a challenge by Pablo Baez as the same card in Houston. Leonard will drop back to 147 lb for that one and is already talking about plans to take on the middleweight champion at 160 lb. So for at least, whatever Sugar wants, Sugar gets.

—H.W. QUINN

A whip-to-mouth existence

His trainer Duke Campbell took a look at my feet and hands, said, 'You don't look like you'll grow too much,' and the next day I went to work at E.P. Taylor's Windfields Farm in Oshawa. That was 1965, and those days of working out stalls and galloping horses in the morning provided Sandy Hawley with the foundation for his extraordinary career as a rider of thoroughbreds.

Hawley graduated to Toronto's Woodbine racetrack in 1968 and the following year began revering the North American record books. He set the Ontario pedigree seven times during the '70s, breaking Bill Shoemaker's 20-year-old record for most wins in a year by setting with 633 wins in 1973. He was North America's riding champion that year and three times since.

In 1978 he changed his tack to Florida and had a great season. Although the

following year wasn't as good, he decided to try California. Now, with a mere forty elsewhere—30 Woodbine last Saturday to ride Roise Bear in the Canadian Oaks where he went off as the favorite, but came home a dismal fifth, Hawley, 38, competes exclusively as the southern California circuit.

"Life has to just as fast as you want to make it," he says. "I'm Canada but

Hawley: Gave Krupa of the backstitch



that's getting to be my home now."

Hawley has a knock for training way-swinging horses: "Long before most jockeys start using those whips, Hawley experiments—slapping his mouth down the shoulder, the neck, across the neck, left and right sides, hand-rolling furiously and even yelling to produce that little extra effort. This Gene Krupa of the middle currents can either bring him when he switches the whip from one hand to the other, his mouth is the transfer point. The world's strongest rider, Bill Shoemaker, remembers: "The first time I went head-to-head with him down the lane I looked over to see how he was doing. There he was with his whip in his mouth and I thought to myself, 'Anyone who has to do that can't make it make it down here'."

But Hawley recently became the youngest jockey to reach the 4,000-winner plateau.

His riding style will never be confused with the classic "west" and amateurish hands of Shoemaker, but Hawley will bring in class to \$5 million in purses this year, and disease \$400,000 with the taxman.

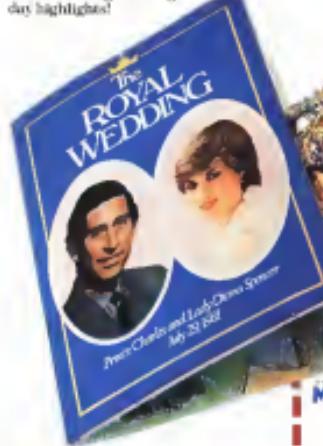
—ROGER HENWOOD

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The French connection



Teasugaf Kidd Creek mine at Timmins, Ont., sacrificed land in a power play

By Anthony Whittingham

Steeped a month after a traumatic battle with its largest shareholder—the federal government—over its role as a profit-oriented investment company vs. its role as a proponent of Canadian policy interests, the Canada Development Corp. (CDC) last week pulled off a brilliant coup which seems to combine both priorities in one difficult stroke. A complex scheme finalized last week promises to give the CDC control of two major resource holdings currently in foreign hands. Friday's joint announcement by the CDC and France's Société Nationale Elf Aquitaine (SNEA) gives immediate 49-per-cent control of Aquitaine Co. of Canada Ltd. to the cdc for \$762 million, to be followed by an additional 25 per cent at a later date.

CDC's Simpson: "disastrous miscalculation"



If there is a wild card in the deal, it may yet be played by directors and management of Teasugaf—the company whose role is key to the transaction—but which apparently was not consulted prior to the SNEA-CDC announcement. It is unlikely that Teasugaf will

give the CDC a total interest of 75 per cent in what is likely the largest non-national foreign-held energy exploration company in Canada, for a total price of \$1.1 billion. SNEA, meanwhile, can rely on the CDC to transfer its 25-per-cent controlling block of shares in Teasugaf Inc. of Stamford, Conn., to a separate 50 per cent by the French company to take over the U.S.-based mineral and chemical giant, in return for which, plus some additional cash, SNEA will split Teasugaf into two divisions and give the Canadian assets to the cdc.

If Teasugaf complicates, it is. The key to the deal clearly lies in the fact that each of the two companies has something the other wants—a brain wave that apparently elated both sides during more than a year of acrimonious negotiations between SNEA and the cdc over "Canadianization" Aquitaine. Indeed, says Cynthia Salfour, an Aquitaine spokesperson in Calgary, local Aquitaine management was "so convinced the French parent had no interest in selling off its Canadian assets" that the company went ahead on its own initiative last month to set up a preliminary joint venture arrangement with Vancouver's Tech Corp. aimed at increasing Aquitaine's eligibility for federal government grants under the National Energy Program.

If there is a wild card in the deal, it may yet be played by directors and management of Teasugaf—the company whose role is key to the transaction—but which apparently was not consulted prior to the SNEA-CDC announcement. It is unlikely that Teasugaf will

appreciate playing the role of sacrificial lamb in a power play between two non-U.S. companies, even though five of its 11 directors are Canadians and three are direct CDC appointees. In light of growing hostility among U.S. corporations toward the role in takeovers by Canadian companies, the SNEA-CDC alliance is almost certain to prompt a howl of protest from politicians. Last week's separate bid parallel \$2.6-billion bid by Montreal's Beaufort Co. Ltd. for 41 per cent of Centex Ltd., also in Ontario, is not likely to make Canadian-American relations any easier. What remains to be seen is whether the U.S. will actually respond with retaliatory measures. For the CDC, only 9 years old but already Canada's largest foreign-owned company, the result, after May's battle with the government, may be uncertain. Whether the Teasugaf deal goes through or not, the cdc has captured Aquitaine—and CDC President Anthony Hampson in turn may at least have won the grudging respect of his sometime opponents in Ottawa. □

For whom the Belzberg tolls

At last it appears Sam Belzberg is well past his long-awaited berth at the eastern financial establishment. For several glorious weeks Belzberg's First City Financial Corp. of Vancouver maneuvered only delaying tactics blocking his bid to take over Canada Permanent Mortgage Corp. of Toronto, the country's third-largest trust company with assets of \$5.5 billion.

While Ross Brown, CanPerf's crusty president, slipped hatches to rally the beleaguered trust company's defense, Belzberg, the 50-year-old dynamo from the West, professed firecrackers and hoarsely declares at mid-afternoon meetings designed to introduce himself to Target's investment dealers. And last Friday, CanPerf's shareholders responded to his share exchange offer—estimated to be worth \$300 million—by rendering approximately 70 per cent of the shares, making First City the fish that swallowed bigger game.

It seems in spite of a late-catch "white knight" effort by Geostar Corp. of Vancouver—a construction, land development and financial services conglomerate 18 times CanPerf's size—to purchase shares for \$30 each.

Belzberg's strength is to be as well-known on Toronto's Bay Street as he is in Vancouver: he has built his deck house. He was rebuffed a 1979 bid for Metropoliplus Trust Co. of Toronto and again last year when he tried to take over the New York-based Black Group Inc. stock brokerage house. New analysts are waiting for his aggressive approach to breathe new life into the slow-moving CanPerf. As Belzberg prophetically told a Toronto press conference several weeks ago: "I'm sure you'll be using a little bit more of me here." —DAVID COATES

Belzberg: he had his dark hours



Buy Canadian, sell Canadian

The new industrial strategy plan, laid by Trudeau in the 1980 election campaign, so far has amounted to little more than a glaze on the eye of Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray. Yet the unresolved issue of industrial revitalization remains pressing—as seen in two separate reports released last week in Ottawa. One recommends still more measures to ensure maximum Canadian participation and benefits from an esti-

mated \$400 billion in major projects between now and the year 2000. The second urges the formation of a national trading company to boost Canada's shipping share on world export markets. Both take their nationalistic and interventionist tone from last fall's radical National Energy Program (NEP). But there are significant stumbling blocks in the way before either could be adopted in the major industrial policy statement expected from the Liberal government as early as this fall.

Of the two reports, the more important—initiated Major Canadian Proj-

ects Major Canadian Opportunities—is the product of more than two years of soul-searching by an 80-member task force of business and labor leaders. The 96-page report, headed by Bob Blair, president of SNC-Lavalin, an Alberta Corporation, and Shirley Carr, vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress, recommends that companies undertaking major projects (about \$100 million each) should be required to do their best for Canadianization—even if it means paying up to three per cent extra to buy equipment and supplies from domestic—rather than foreign—firms. Herb Gray, im-

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mediately welcomed this new support for his nationalistic aims, adding that "much of the thrust of the report is similar to things I've been saying across the country." Adds task force member John Balfe, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business: "It's one of the most exciting opportunities the country has ever had."

But there are clouds ahead for Blair's plan. Backing by the provinces was not able for the one exception—Alberta, the only province not to assign a seat to the task force. And Ronald Prasee, chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada, and one of several prominent corporate observers who dissected the report's recommendations, said the task force's nationalistic thrust is "detrimental to the future economic well-being of Canadians" because of potential damage to Canada's relation with trading partners, particularly the U.S.

While the first report is preclusive, ironically the second sum, in part, is to combat increasing protectionism. Entitled Canada's Trade Challenge, the re-

CANADA'S TRADE CHALLENGE



Parliamentary committee report

port, issued by the special parliamentary committee, headed by Liberal MP Jessie Flis, expressed alarm at Canada's shrinking share of world trade. The report notes that Canada's share had dropped to 3.4 per cent in 1979 from 4.9 per cent in 1972. To improve this deteriorating situation, the committee calls for a national trading corporation to help medium-sized and small companies find and expand markets abroad. The committee put forward wildly optimistic estimates of new export potential: increases of up to \$14 billion but many in business see the whole idea as simply more government intervention. "We're not convinced that just attempting to marketing will solve Canada's problems," says Tom Burns, president of the Canadian Export Association. The CEA, however, goes ahead with its business objectives: that industrial strategy fails to create similar need among the politicians. —LES WHITTHORST AND GILLIAN MACKAY

Adventures in the inn trade

The telephone does not ring—it pings. In a continental accent as polished as the marble sideboard on which the phone rests, the concierge asks when manager would prefer his complimentary bottle of 10-year-old Canadian whisky. Just a sample of the VIP service offered by downtown Toronto's King Edward hotel, which last week became the latest entry into the country's luxury hotel market as it reopened after nearly two years and a \$30-million renovation. The clientele that the 220-room hotel (first opened in 1900) hopes to attract travels in style. And, for \$80 and up per room, the London, England-based Trusthouse Forte line management promises to cushion its every step in understated and overuffed elegance.

The Canadian debut of Trusthouse, the world's largest hotel and catering conglomerate (110 hotels, annual sales of \$1.9 billion), may be the most significant development in the \$4-billion-plus industry since Scott's Hospitality Inc. took over from Holiday Inns as the country's largest hoteliers by marrying it with the Scott Kentucky-fried chicken holdings in 1976. Dominated by huge chains, the industry suffered from overbuilding in the 1970s. The glut forced the closing of Toronto's Lord Elgin and the King Edward, and the sale of The Fort Garry in Winnipeg, hotels already in their dudgeon. Now, with occupancy rates expected to drop slightly to about 70 per cent over the coming

this year, newly appointed Plaza Group of Hotels President Frank Givernon says the prevailing wisdom—from Victoria's Express to the Hotel Nova Scotia in Halifax—is to restore the faded glory of the industry's founders.

The most elusive element in the trade—in which differences in hospital-

ity are as subtly gradated up and down the scale as they are marked at either end—is marketing and competition for the business executives who comprise 50 per cent of the industry's guests. At the King Edward they make sure the start of the toilet paper roll in every bathroom is folded neatly to form a 'Y.' It's a trick that 37-year-old Yorkshire-born General Manager Peter Rickard picked up in Malaysia. As David Perlman, executive vice-president of the Hotel Association of Canada, says: "It's not like any retail business: we can't just sit a sale to sell yesterday's empty rooms."

—DAVID COATES



Peter Rickard (above); King Edward
a trick picked up in Malaysia



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Cancelled due to lack of interest

Because of few funding sources and low morale, public interest groups are in jeopardy

By Val Ross

By the time it finally won a four-year fight to keep a uranium refinery out of the dairy farming community of Warrax, Bask, the energy committee of the Binkleton Environmental Society had ceased to be. The self-appointed score of amateurs—including a carpenter, a bookstore owner and a couple of high school teachers—were drained by the cash shortages that plague citizen groups everywhere. Ever since January, 1976, when news of the proposed refinery first hit town, they had pored over nuclear physics texts at kitchen tables, chipped out tables in basements and distributed leaflets at meetings in school gymnasiums, spawning a network of other church-bucked anti-nuclear community groups that flourishes today. Together, these groups pressed the provincial government to launch an inquiry into the safety and ethical problems they associated with uranium mining. While the mining companies spent an estimated \$50,000 on public relations and representation, the citizens籌sedged a \$20,000 government grant, and begged \$10,000 from their Sunday collections. They still managed to afford a lawyer for the hearings, as a public interest lawyer recruited by nearby worker Peter Trebillock to present their case. During the hearings, Trebillock put in 50-hour weeks. Daily, he faced the industry's six-seasoned lawyers and their ranks of experts, knowing that his side wouldn't afford its own witnesses. Naturally, the environmentalists failed to hit mining—though the refinery was finally defeated. Shrage Saksman's Herman Borrmann, another member of the now-defunct committee, "You could get cynical about this."

They often realize then they will lose, ordinary folk continue to cast themselves into the fray, simply because self-interested catalysts like Ontario's Leo Rattie of Hedges of Hope become active in the Peace Valley Environmental Association because he heard that a proposed ECT Hydro dam would flood out Farmer Tony Cowan helped found the Renfrew County Citizens for Nuclear Responsibility when a radioactive waste dump was proposed for his eastern Ontario community, and was so so busy with petitions that his calves fell sick.

Public interest groups are as prone to gather around issues as flies around a rotting banana in a fruit stand.



Trebillock (left) and Saksman: self-appointed amateurs playing the adversary role

better researched and represented."

The result is an adversarial regulatory system that public interest lawyer Andrew Roman complains is "a hobby game with only one complete team on the ice." In the past year, like Trebillock, the president of the Consumers' Association of Quebec, has had to turn away requests to advise the provincial government on laws. "We don't have the money for experts to help us appraise them." Last month, Energy Probe was unable to afford transportation and expenses for its own rate experts to testify at the National Energy Board against Ontario Hydro's expansion plans; the group estimates that the cost to the Canadian public of the resultant pollution will top \$1 billion.

In an increasingly pluralist society, notes British Columbia Supreme Court Justice Tom Berger, who ran the Balsam Lake pipeline hearings, "You've got to take all sides of a question into account before you can reach a sound decision." Thus, hearings and regulatory boards depend upon the pro and con debates of adversary interest groups to round out their understanding. "Also," says Trebillock, "you've got a situation where industry interests are



Trebillock: onlookers are free riders'

on the face of it, things have never looked palmer for public interest groups like Energy Probe with small but continuous donations and a stream of letters on everything from storm windows to rain. Meanwhile, support services for public interest groups are more available than ever. The Public Interest Advocacy Centre (PIAC), a federally funded legal service, has just received funding from the Law Foundation of British Columbia to start up a West Coast public interest law office.

But the cash flow problem won't go away. Last summer the Consumers' Association of Quebec was refused its usual federal grant to attend the Bell Canada telephone rate hearings in Ottawa, nor could it get a revisional funding to fight the Régie des Marchés Agricoles over an increase in the price of milk. And though, back in 1976, the Berger inquiry spent \$1 million facilitating representation by public groups, today CAC is unsure whether there will be federal funds to debate operating development plans for the Beauharnois Site St. Pierre's waste disposal facility, the long-

anticipated, and to dismiss their members as obsessive, place-holding environmentalists in Earth Shakes. The same problem is compounded by lack of motivation. Trebillock explains, "A small group, such as a corporation, which stands to gain significantly from a decision is more likely to participate than a large group, e.g. consumers, who will individually just see a little." Besides, the complexity of the issues demands most work. When the CAC's lawyer, Andrew Roman, asked for more details of Bell Canada's cross-industry connections, a Bell lawyer grunted, "There—empty yourself," and dumped three cartfuls of documents on his desk. Though most consumers would rather pay as extra dues than read three cartons of documents, they happily accepted \$14-million savings when, in 1978, when a coalition of groups temporarily forced Bell to roll back price increases from Stevens' 10 cents. Trebillock refers to these outsiders, not coldly, as "free riders."

If free riders won't provide the support public interest groups require, the book—or the need for it—just has to go on.

The *Consumer* (cont'd.)

servicing their own interests." But the cost awards system doesn't help groups survive between hearings—and besides, in the two years since the court ordered Bell to pay its opponents \$75,000 in costs, Bell has fought that radical principle in court. And Don Chackash, Bell Canada's vice president in charge of public and environmental affairs, "Why should we pay for our case and the opposition's case?"

The funding option favored by Michael Trebillock is a rated system. For public interest groups able to satisfy regulators that their contribution to a specific hearing will be valuable and unique, those should be government funding. Meanwhile, tax credits would encourage increased support from the free riders of the general public, giving the original providers of the groups a broader base. Yet even if government is willing to free up these extra revenues to fund corporate critics and government agencies, the resources of public interest groups are finite. One lawyer, Roman, recalls, "One Woodstock seems excessive and he wouldn't be terribly fit for us no matter how much I paid him. If a member of the



Chackash (above); Roman and Trebillock (far right) like a hockey game with only one complete team on the ice



east development in North America is history. Dene Petroleum alone is spending \$40 billion, and we don't know if we'll get 98 per cent of that—the amount we'll need to comment on the terms."

In an era of cutbacks, even that modest sum looks generous to some. Laurent Trebillock, vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, echoes widespread fears when he warns against a "softened up" pf government subsidies. "If public interest groups are legitimate," he points out, "they should get substantial funding from their constituents—their public."

The trouble is, the majority of Canadian

working groups support several funding options, such as a sensible mix of grants and ratepayer contributions. To the suggestion that the federal government broaden its direct grants, some warn that this could compromise a group's independence. Another funding formula, a cost-recovery system, has been attempted by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) since 1973, in which proponents of groups arguing on behalf of their subscribers—Power Corp. vice-chairman Charles Daffey, explains—Consumers are already subsidizing telephone companies when the companies argue for rate increases. "It seems fair that some subscriber money should be spent regu-

lating community isn't already acting for Bell, he hopes to be." Two weeks before a pipeline financing expert was due to testify for CRTC at the Postville Pipeline hearings, he cancelled—so as not to jeopardize future contracts.

Sooner or later, any self-appointed champion of public interest can expect to fall into perfectly short of resources cash, social contacts, morale. If the long-term impact of this fact of life is public interest groups that have consumer activities. Like Trebillock, worried "If we continue to miss the chance to participate in hearings, we may lose our public profile, and be steamrollered right out of playing a role."

With files from Catherine Reilly

Harboring hope for a city

Despite muffled objections, B.C. Place transforms Vancouver



Marcel surveys the current tangle of rail lines, lumberyards and old buildings.

By Thomas Hopkins

Downtown Canada. Since the late 1960s, activists of assorted stripe—graziers have struggled to preserve the acres of Canadian prairie, threatened as they were by encroaching engineers and pleasure boat owners. The fight was largely successful. But even as residential neighborhoods were stabilized, new realities intervened. The need for housing skyrocketed, and as energy costs spiraled the demand for downtown living and working soared as well.

In recent years, Canadian cities have turned increasingly to their underused and abused harbors for relief. Halifax has its Halifax Properties, Toronto its Harbourfront development. The most recent entrant in the harbor reclamation movement is Vancouver's B.C. Place, a massive 20-acre redevelopment of a cluster of rail lines, lumberyards and rusty old buildings on the north shore of an appendage-shaped downtown area called False Creek. The scheme, conceived and largely paid for by B.C. Bennett's provincial government, will create a mix of walkways, high-rise residential buildings, a 60,000-seat covered stadium and tiny commercial districts. The resulting sprawl will curl around the existing Vancouver downtown core, that points up river blocks away, and be four times the size.

Tested as the largest project of its kind in North America when an expansive Bennett announced the plan in January, 1980, B.C. Place will wipe out 80 per cent of the night around the False Creek bay. It will transform "an indus-

trial cesspool into a residential lake," trumpets B.C. Place Chairman Alvin Natusch. It's hoped as well that over 60 to 15 year construction period, the development will act as a money-generating pension, addressing problems that have dogged Canada's third-largest city for a decade. Above all, B.C. Place will provide a venue for Canada's first world fair since Expo 67, a 1986 transportation fair called Transpo '86, grand in part to lure international money for an ever-expanding light rapid transit (LRT) system.

In fact, Transpo existed long before B.C. Place was a steady glaze in Bennett's eye. Conceived as a vehicle to commemorate both Vancouver's centennial and the arrival of the first CPR train into the city, it was a fair in search

of a home. Now, it will stretch over more than half of the new B.C. Place site and has already risen to meet Expo status, with invitations extended to some 180 countries to participate. It will cost the province some \$130 million and attract an estimated 15 million visitors, drawn by gaudy-filled exhibition buildings, submarine bobbing in False Creek and lighter-than-air craft lofting above it.

Reasoning that Transpo will be a prime showcase for Canadian firms and transportation hardware, the federal government has agreed to provide \$60 million toward the establishment of an LRT system running through the Transpo site as a living exhibition of Canadian know-how. The government stipulated, however, that the choice be Ottawa's futuristic elevated Automated Light Rapid Transit system. Bennett and the province happily agreed, taking a \$30-million deal with Quebec's Bélair Davis in late May. The line will please besieged suburban commuters by linking New Westminster with downtown Vancouver by 1986.

Another boon of the B.C. Place



Industrial cesspool into a residential lake," trumpets B.C. Place Chairman Alvin Natusch. It's hoped as well that over 60 to 15 year construction period, the development will act as a money-generating pension, addressing problems that have dogged Canada's third-largest city for a decade. Above all, B.C. Place will provide a venue for Canada's first world fair since Expo 67, a 1986 transportation fair called Transpo '86, grand in part to lure international money for an ever-expanding light rapid transit (LRT) system.

Artistic rendering of Transpo '86 pavilion, Leardo (opposite)

Vancouver city officials calculate that B.C. Place, set up as a provincial Crown corporation, stands to gross upward of \$3 billion.

Although the details remain vague, this urban brew will resemble, according to Natusch, the site Toronto's intersection of Bay and Bloor. High-rises will be the rule, children the exception. Studios, the megaplex, the permanent facility of science centres, and an adventure playground for children modelled on the successful playground of Toronto's Ontario Place. Steel and concrete modular houses used for Transpo exhibition buildings will either be incorporated into the post-Transpo architecture or used elsewhere in B.C.

Not surprisingly, a project this huge has its detractors. Vancouver Mayor Mike Harcourt, who made his reputation as an alderman crusading against expressways in the late 1960s, called Transpo a "second-rate Disneyland" in his successful mayoralty campaign last fall. He has since cautiously relented, recognizing that a popular city transit



package will be the construction of a \$225-million amphitheatre-style stadium replacing the decaying Empire Stadium. Due to be completed in time to host the 1986 Grey Cup game, the stadium will be covered by a revolutionary 16-acre air-supported fabric roof.

Yet despite the expense of these buildings, B.C. Place executives insist the project will make money for taxpayers by using 30-year land leases to private builders who will develop most of the site. Since the province picked up the old rail yard lands and lumberyards from Marathon Realty, Canadian Pacific Ltd.'s real estate wing, for only \$60 million in cash and land wages, B.C. Place officials figure they should have a huge slice of some of Vancouver's last raw land for a paltry \$7.84 a square foot.

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Zedler on job site, graduate engineers enjoy big salaries and generous benefits

An employee's cornucopia

In the engineering field, demand is outstripping supply

By Janice Nell

As a recent mechanical engineering graduate from the University of Waterloo in Ontario, Lynn Zedler was surprised at the real prospective employers who were exhibiting to hire her into their hire. After serializing all five of her lucrative job offers, Zedler, 25, finally settled for a position with Shell Resources in Calgary, Alta. While she was reluctant to reveal her salary, Shell says graduates like Zedler can expect a beginning yearly income of \$22,800. Zedler's degree is only partially related to her new oil industry job, but Shell and many other companies are searching to hire her as a professional with related training. For the first time in its history, Canada is now experiencing a widespread shortage of engineers, says Jennifer White, head of recruiting at Dome Petroleum in Calgary. "It's definitely a seller's market. Good people are hard to find and it got much more difficult this year."

In a time when many university undergraduates can not find work (the latest unemployment figure for that age group is 13 per cent), engineering graduates are enjoying a veritable cornucopia of opportunities. And the demand will not be stoked soon. Currently, Canadian universities are producing only 4,000 engineering graduates per year—falling short of industry's undergraduate requirements. "The demand is going to get worse because, whether we like it or not, we live in an energy-oriented society," says George Scherzer, head of the petrochemical department at

petroleum executives concede the problem. Says Kenneth Blower, senior engineering recruiter for Falconbridge Nickel Mines in Toronto: "We are really competing with the more attractive offers from the western campuses. There are just not enough new engineering grads to go around."

Up until recently, the frustration that filled the employment void has been the flow of foreign engineers into Canada. But that has been reduced to a trickle. "When I was an engineering student 25 years ago in England, I don't think there was a strong coming to Canada," says Peter Nisbath, the dean of engineering at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. "But people aren't attracted here anymore. The salaries and the standard of living are comparable."

Since many engineering schools turn away six out of every eight applicants, one solution might be to increase university enrolments. As yet, only the



Lamontagne and new home: "I'm worth it"

Calgary's Southern Alberta Institute of Technology (SAIT), the only community college in Canada with a program that trains people for oil production jobs. Recent graduates in the field quickly learn that demand outstripping supply translates into big salaries and generous job benefits. While signs' certified technicians can command \$19,000 yearly, that figure pales in comparison to the paychecks of university engineering graduates. They often earn \$32,800 in their first year—a 30-per-cent increase over last year, notes Janet Calder, a University of Waterloo job recruiter. To entice graduates to come with higher costs of living, corporations offer such perks as low-interest mortgages and clothing allowances. Another luxury afforded engineering graduates is postponed starting dates. Because he wanted a break between the time of his last exam in April and his first day at work, John Bolek, a 25-year-old mechanical engineering graduate from Halifax, will not begin his reservoir engineering job with Dome in Calgary until mid-August. Says Dome's White: "We have to give them a double starting time because it's almost expected. We'd rather have a student come into the job fresh after a vacation, than exhausted after university."

Balafouta and many of his peers are compensating the already fierce competition between employers in the East by opting for jobs out west. "Oil is more interesting, more dynamic, and it's the way business is going to be in the West," Balafouta says. "There's a much bigger place of life out there in the Maritimes." Cor-



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Workers breathing easier

Coal miners traditionally relied on canaries to warn them of natural gas seeping into a tunnel. If the birds stopped singing, the miners headed for open air. Today, as Canadian workers are exposed to a wider spectrum of potentially toxic gases and vapors, chemical monitoring devices have supplanted canaries as harbingers of danger. Such technological advances have been welcomed by miners, employers and health officials. Provinces such as Alberta, Saskatchewan and Ontario are defining limits for a number of the most lethal toxins by hydrogen sulphide and vinyl chloride in

In petrochemical and plastic manufacturing industries, metal vapors give off in smelting, coal vapors in coke-making and solvent vapors in paint manufacturing and dry cleaning. Exposure to any of these in small doses can cause headaches and nausea and, in large doses, lingering illness or even death.

Currently available monitors are extremely cumbersome, however, and users may have to wait two days for a full analysis of the topon levels. Michael Johnson, a professor of chemical engineering at the University of Toronto, has come up with a new model that can be worn on the lapel, operates without a pump and provides at a glance an indication of exposure since the start of the day. It synthesizes the heat of exothermic and endothermic redox reac-



大同市第一中學 2000 年度 教學工作總評

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- In a bid where the hospitals that took
- The patients, the performance will make it Canadian site

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COOKS

Lure of the glass slipper



THE CINDERELLA COMPLEX
WOMEN'S HIDDEN FEAR OF
INDEPENDENCE
Colette Dowling
Simon & Schuster

... to ease the tedium and the terror. Women, psychologically, have a difficult time of it simply because they acquire the belief somewhere in their upbringing that someone—the man—would be along shortly to take care of them.

The cold hard truth about woman's liberation is beginning to emerge: it's not a game in which you go outside, buy yourself a really nice dress, slay a dragon in the marketplace five years past to prove you can do it; then wander back home in a ditsy fog to tend to the generations' pressing needs taking care of yourself for the rest of your life. This realization comes as a rude shock even to so-called liberalized women who bought the idea that The Career is success and security. Scratch that. And you will find a lot of ambivalence about the relevance of it all, scratch it further and there may be a pained fear of standing on one's two feet. Of course, men share this fear, but traditionally they have been left no other option, so they grit their teeth, put on their gray flannel suits or big business suits, have affairs or drink too much, and then go home.

In The Crayola Complex, Colette Dowling dives into the perennials of this belief. Even when women are living out the fantasies—and dictates—of liberation, she says, they will have to face the sound of primly footstools. However, because it is a need that is no longer fashionable, we now have a new type of woman: the closet dependent, who, by refusing to confront her fear of independence, either becomes phobic in her professional life or takes the easy way out by staying home. Only by admitting to their *Cinderella* fantasies and correcting them, asserts Dowling, will women truly "bring out" and achieve "emotional consistency," demonstrating "whether they are militant urban sophisticates or country women up to their elbows in potting plants, the quality of *themselves*."

Like many other psychoanalytical

ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS: A GUIDE TO THE 2010 EDITION OF THE U.S. CODE OF FEDERAL REGULATIONS

now crowding the shelves today, adding to the *Theater Gitar* (for *Who Knows a Farm of Modern Human Beings*) or there are five new paperbacks to add to it). The *Crookedhouse Complex* is based on the author's personal experience.

Noway, a free-lance writer, left her rough-hewn husband and successfully reared her three children and her cat for four years. But after settling again with another man, she gradually gave up her own work and (against his wishes) let him assume financial responsibility for her life while she baked it. It was then, she wrote, that she "had to face it with the central contradiction of femininity in our culture: the conflict between dependence and independence." The truth, in her case, as in many women's, was that it was easier to be dependent. So long as women have nothing to work, she argues, they take it. But having that option is also the point of *Therioness* for women, if the glass slipper fits.

As the economic realities of the campaign upon a generation characterized by name attraction, women will find that "springing free" is no much fairy tale as *Cinderella*.

—JUDITH TINSLEY
professor of
s own desires

professor of
his own desires

GERMAN UNKNOWN
Wolfgang Roth
Graue Wolf Verlag, 611485

has never been fashionable to encourage advanced or controversial writing. But *Portnoy's Complaint*, *Portnoy's Complaint*, *Portnoy's Complaint*, was too controversial a novel to be taken seriously. Critics have read the eight books that followed *Portnoy's Complaint* and found them disappointing and faint praise. Only *Guest Writer* (1970), a short, incisive review, now, with the publication of *Zuckerman Unbound*, compensates. According to *The Guest Writer*, critical opinion is clarifying in favor of the *Bill*. But *Zuckerman Unbound*, if not the masterpiece that one hopes *Portnoy* will someday become, is an intelligent and lucid novella, created with artful carelessness and an levitas praeceps. *Portnoy's Complaint* is a young writer's effort to be a *Guest Writer*, a middle-aged author of *Caravaggio* and wealth not especially his, and, as a result, *Guest Writer's* criticism, at the start of a novella as deft, ferreted the *Bill* of *Clairs Bloom* as Woods' real-life counterpoint. Woods

Alba, Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin out of the pages of *Zuckerman Unbound*.

Comments of that sort, however, miss the mark for the olive. At its core, *Zuckerman Unbound* is a subtle reflection of fiction and reality which is only blessed with another irony in its parallels to Roth's life. Zuckerman's novel is a great commercial success, but its portrayal of Roth's family quite literally kills Zuckerman's father. At Newark Airport, Zuckerman's younger brother suddenly turns on him: "Do you everything is disposable? Everything is disposable! Jewish novelty, Jewish madame, Jewish widow, Jewish function—everything is great for your fan machine!" Speeches like this are the stuff of gossipy confessional. Here, Roth bestrodes the loneliness and disillusion of the writer of fiction, that Nathan's brother's impassioned speech should end up in Roth's book brings to light a sadness that inhabits the comedy of *Zuckerman Unbound*. If Zuckerman could do it all over again, we realize, he would still write *Cantarella* even if it did kill his father.

The two central figures of the book, Nathan Zuckerman and Alvin Pepler, maintain a bittersweet relationship around

absence and now, as his critics tell us, himself—it is often forgotten that he writes in some of the deepest, most precious prose America has to offer. His art for dialogue is unequalled. His sense of humor is quick and sharp, and for all his apparent self-absorption, his sense of irony is a pleasure to behold. Philip Roth is coming along very nicely, thank you very much. *Zuckerman Unbound* is a book of deceptive excellence.

—DAVID MAGAHLANE

A separate and recycled reality

THE EAGLE'S GIFT
by Carlos Castaneda
(Ballantine, \$12.95)

The first in Carlos Castaneda's series, *The Teachings of don Juan*, was enlightening in its almost 600 way. The sequel was also good. Gradually they moved from guanaco to camp, until now with No. 6—*The Eagle's Gift*. don Juan seems to have entered late-night K-Tel Heaven, boggling the dimwits out of his previous acts. The first is good, and it turns out there is not much else left.

Cantarella was the perfect stooge share, as a graduate student, as first ran into the unpredictable sorcerer don Juan. As half-breedings and magical powers passed don Juan into a Mexican Oz where one of power walked through walls and rockers was as it seemed, Castaneda allowed us to watch the collapse of his own mythos rationalism. It did not matter if one believed the story, for the clash of personalities and cultures made it a tall tale with its own truths. Since then Castaneda has delved into deepening involvement with his mentor. In each book Castaneda achieves new levels of awareness, just when you thought he could not become any more aware, a new book comes out. So now he has climbed the ladder of sexual success and is don Juan's handpicked successor.

In *The Eagle's Gift*, however, the complexities of don Juan's system of thought have swamped the story. We learned little from him that we could not have picked up by browsing among the standard mystical sources, so much of what he says appears to be taken from the I Ching, that Hermetic Hesse, pan-environmentalism, and the biological brain theory that we explain the coincidence by saying either they all spring from the one foot of truth, or don Juan is a member of the Southern California Book-of-the-Month Club. *The Eagle's Gift* is little but a lecture, in don Juan's own words, on the levels of existence known to unenlightened, stodgy rationalists like

ourselves. It is distressing that when the self is pulled from what is supposed to be the deepest meaning of life we find a box of chicklets.

The first half of *The Eagle's Gift* quickly begins the story of don Juan's escape from this world. A confused band of followers left behind, taking the map Cantarella as its leader. Inexplicable minister events occur and the followers begin remembering things it does not seem possible could have happened. Cantarella and his spiritual mate La Gorda finally remember it all and reconstruct it in the second half. It seems don Juan had taught them much and then made them forget it until now. The messages grow as the telepathy incomprehensible details of don Juan's map of ultimate reality and also represent the major occurrences of the previous books in their true light. The mystery of the first half is solved by explanations even less intelligible.

By now the laudable reader has decided either Castaneda's system fiction or fact. If Castaneda is telling the truth, *The Eagle's Gift* is remarkable scripture of primary importance. As fiction, however, it has freed itself of the impossible associations and, ultimately, interest. —DAVID WEINBERGER

Lost in the literary fun house

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT A TRAVELLER
by Donald Coen, translated by William Weaver
(Easter & Orpen Drury, \$12.95)

From Steven's *Tristam Shandy* to Melville's *Pierre*, the novel has been deployed regularly as a game of wits, as a puzzle, as an affable pretzel job on its reader. In these intellectual assessments, the great sweep of plot as prominent in commercial fiction gives way to a fun house clash where we are lured again and again down blind alleys only to confront our startled and refracted selves in trick mirrors. Italo Calvino, the Italian editor, scholar and dreamer of elegant fictions, goes on the bouscouse of writing an intimate epistle to the reader. The journey is as disorienting as Altona turns down the rabbit hole.

As in a writer's night, Calvino opens with the author writing solipsistically about his reader—really, the traveler of his marvelous tale—prapped up on pillows with the comforting prospect of a good read. He freely shuffles cigarettes beginning within reach (if we needed) and an epiphany: "You have to go?" All right, you know best. So his little winter's tale begins to unfold as a strange



Calvino dreamer of Alvin Pepler

delirious in a deep, smoky nothingness.

But Calvino is still anxious. He stops himself to ask if he's doing justice to our experiences. Has he put in enough detail? Too much? As the plot begins to expand in the frosty atmosphere it becomes clear that Calvino has written a novel about reading a novel. Soon we find ourselves strangely situated inside a user manual story, *Obtaining a Tom of Mischief*. A printing error, our author provides another a signature from another book we've never heard of. We try to turn down the competing book, which may be a forgery.

In the wild gauze, we sample portions of 16 different books (a Japanese erotic fantasy, a thriller by an Irishman, a South American yarn that

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Gold House*, Clancy (2)
- 2 *Gorky Park*, Joseph (2)
- 3 *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert (2)
- 4 *The Covenant*, Alphonse (2)
- 5 *Goodbye Darkness*, Alphonse (2)
- 6 *The Devil's Arithmetic*, Glick (2)
- 7 *The Chosen*, Gold, West (2)
- 8 *Fires Fall in Crimson*, MacLeod (2)
- 9 *XPL*, Gagnon (2)
- 10 *The Gifted Dame*, Wimberly

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Herivel (2)
- 2 *Highway 66*, Gifford, Gifford (2)
- 3 *Crimes*, Gifford (2)
- 4 *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Biegel
- 5 *Debrett's Book of the Royal Wedding*, Victoria (2)
- 6 *War Between the Generals*, Irving
- 7 *Dr. Atkins' New Diet Revolution*, Atkins
- 8 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Zemba (2)
- 9 *Paper Money*, Smith (2)
- 10 *Male Practices*, Mendelsohn (2)

is a sly spoof of Borges) and peer into just about every aspect of writing and reading—libraries, censorship, translation, even reviewing. It's a loggy roller coaster ride that has its dips, but, oh, the heights.

Calvino is surely counting on our amazement at the leftovers to provide us with sealing these heights. He pulls the rug out from under us time after time, appealing our scruples and rightness read by needling us into thought. And this plain polyphonic medley as exquisitely. He has shown how deft his sight of hand could be in the brief eagle of *Obtaining a Tom of Mischief*.

his *Circe* and *Compassion*, where he made ideas sensuous. In the same measureless season that has brought us Beckert's *Compass*, *If on a winter's night a traveler* is a certified classic. It's a precious, as reader, to be among its characters. As we turn the last page (an event dutifully reported on the last page), we have to essere that we have been most agreeably pulled Calvino is a local rogue, a confidence man who makes us laugh at the joke on ourselves through his enlightened crudities, his folksy good humor and his masterly epistles. —BILL MACFARLANE

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11 January 1986

A venomous valentine to Hollywood

80-B

Directed by Blake Edwards

In Blake Edwards' brilliant and exuberantly funny 80-B, pain and laughter are the same emotion headed in different directions, they're both responses of helplessness. Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan), a successful producer, has just had the biggest ego in movie history. *Night Wind*, starring the biggest and most wholesome star in America, his wife, Sally Miles (Julie Andrews). While Felix is unsuccessfully attempting suicide, a

crasher through the floor. He lands on top of swooping gossip columnist Poly Reed (Loretta Swit), sending her to hospital. A Blake Edwards智巧特技—crazily—arrives at the house in the evening, ending in whacked-out de-baskeley with a highway patrolman having his legs shaved. Nobody has noticed the dead man and his whimpering dog on the beach.

The continuing interest for practically everyone in 80-B is the sex. The studio head (Robert Vaughn) needs his ego managed and someone to dump the names for *Night Wind* on Sally's agent.



Mulligan (bottom), Andrews (left), Reed and Stevens: some of the funniest scenes ever committed to film stock



man dies of a heart attack on the beach down from his house. His dog whimpers beside him, but nobody will notice him until the movie is almost over. California is drowning in. But hell is also breaking loose around town.

Like Felix Farmer, Blake Edwards, a successful writer-director, made a big, expensive flop in 1970 called *Divorce Lili* (a lovely movie, actually) for which he was never forgiven. The string of kits behind him didn't matter. Instead, he made the endlessly successful *Pink Panther* series in Europe but couldn't get anyone to touch a project he had wanted to do for years called *80-B*. When it was made (for a piddling budget) and hit the roof, it allowed him to finish another languishing project, 80-B. A military term meaning "Standard Operational Readiness," 80-B may be the greatest venomous valentine ever seen. Hollywood's way, but it also contains some of the funniest scenes ever committed to film stock.

After Felix's friends—his press agent (Robert Webber), doctor (Robert Preston) and *Night Wind* director Tim Culley (William Holden)—arrive to attend him, Felix tries to hang himself and

Shelley Winters an ostrich feathers and cat's-eyes sunglasses wants the best deal for her about-to-be divorced son and Sally's private secretary (Stuart Margolin) is loyally at his ambitions. When Felix, recovered but still slightly out of his mind, buys back his movie from the studio, he rehabs it as a controversial pornographic epic when they finally take his life at well—and 80-B takes on its infinitely touching tone.

The movie is the continuation of what has always been best about Blake Ed-

wards: the split-second timing, the telling detail, the delicious, nubile wit. But in 80-B he directs his biggest trifles yet. Everything in the couples' plot is kept in line and it doesn't merely play well—it glides. Each character, down to the bit parts, is beautifully observed. Loretta Swit, caged in a plaster cast and shooting at a guard to let her in to the closed set of *Night Wind* ("Where do you think we're going? We're on our way to Las Vegas. LET ME IN!"), is hilarious as the house, outraged Poly Reed. Julie Andrews, dressed up to do her first nude scene ("Have you come to see my body?") who asks Felix, is a revelation. Mulligan, Holden, Webber, Vaughn, Larry Hagman (as a studio exec) and Craig Stevens (as Poly's drowsy husband) are all perfectly cast and played. But Preston as Felix's pull-popping, bone-grinding guy doctor who knows the value of friendship has the greatest staying power as a character. He's the only one who seems to truly know himself: "I'm not a slyster," he warns Poly. "I'm not a disreputable lawyer. I'm a geek."

In 80-B, friendship (the dog and the dead man, Felix and his three friends)

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Three men and a tub

As sides leave the sinking Tory ship, the undeclared race begins

By Allan Fotheringham

Back in the bad old days, when one didn't talk about such things, it was known as "the love that dares not speak its name." The theory was that if you pretended it behaved that there was no such thing, it would go away—or, preferably—didn't exist. There is a similar situation going on in Ottawa, that haven of Saturday night heterosexuality, at the moment. No one will talk out loud about the battle to succeed Joe Clark as the new kookususqueen-squadron leader of the Regressive Conservative Party—because everyone pretends that the battle isn't going on. It is, and the people who have been around Clark since 1976 are quietly paddling away from the sinking ship. And the Green new works for the Liberals. Quebec max Donald Doyle has returned to a Montreal job. Party director Paul Curley has gone back to Imperial Oil. Chief of Staff Bill Neville is headed back to the private sector. Only Clark remains and Clark is the only one in the party who thinks he can survive the circling vultures. It's simply a matter of time. Not if, but when.

There are three major contenders, splitting their love and leaving them there. Apparently at least one, a smirking dolt, is a die-hard Lévesque loyalty stick to his leader, prizing the flesh, digging carefully in the starting gun. They are John Crosbie, Brian Mulroney and David Crombie. One of them will be the next Tory leader and—if the Liberals ever catch their own serpentine as in those die—despotic prime minister of Canada. It would be useful to probe these back teeth, examine their fangs and check them for worms.

John Crosbie Crosbie has turned himself into a most skillful actor. The image across the country is of an amiable buffoon with a tongue like a flapping red ragger, all dressed up with the Irish tilt of a down-home pub. Actually, Crosbie was to the man born. His family owns approximately one-quarter of New-



Broadbent "of Bent Broadbent." Was a Liberal until his route to become Newfoundland's premier was blocked by Joey Smallwood, so he switched to Tories. The site's Bob Mar calls him "Newfoundland's gift to 17th-century erosion." One of his sons is married to Chester Farnsworth Crosbie, Farnsworth's fat "short-term pony for long-term gain." When cross to Ottawa, dressed his amicable best, in gaudy bow, in gaudy bow-tie style. Now spruced up with national ambitions in mind. Had a 1379 stroke, which he regards a warning "tap on the shoulder." Wife June one of the regulars with at Ottawa (not an assessment of her husband's budget). The operation was a success, but the doctor died." He is 50. Most曲折ly changing style slightly so as to be taken more seriously nationally. His problem: the over-serious look he learned to love the rear of the gene-paint, the smell of the crowd.

Brian Mulroney does not suffer from being very shy. Fine as per this role of

doomedland. (Three other families own the rest.) He went to the very best of schools: St. Andrew's, Queen's, Dalhousie, London School of Economics. He has a brilliant mind—the gold medalist at Dalhousie law school. But John Clark has one characteristic that is considered a flaw in politics: He is very shy. Fetheringham this when he was an ambitious but dull provincial job, he forced himself through a Dale Carnegie-like public speaking regimen and developed his stand-up comedian style. Colin Ed

Li'l Ahler. Voice comes out of the bottom of rancid barrel. Has been active in the Tory party background for two decades since being dismissed by Davis Fulton. A labor lawyer who, in 1977, became president of Iron Ore Co. of Canada, succeeding W. J. Bennett, whose daughter works for Francis Fox. At 42, he is three months older than Joe Clark. Recently organized and was the star turn at a private fund raiser at the Mount Royal Club, \$250 a plate, that provided \$20,000 to pay the debts of

Roch LeSalle, the Tory from Joliette riding who turned into failed Union Nationale leader. Neither Liberals, who more or less set a date for the Joliette by-election, see Mulroney, who is contemplating his candidacy, have made a dention. Has been travelling widely—China, Europe, Kenya, South Africa—to fish out international background. On last ballot at 1976 leadership convention, 71 per cent of his first-ballot support went to Clark, 80 per cent of his singlehanded. Father got beautiful wife Mila, a psychiatrist from Yugoslavia. David's money problem is that he has put all his life for

several years

David Crombie was six years wildly successful mayor of Toronto. Known as the Metro manchian. Acknowledged as one of the great communicating in politics. A recent release when he entered. Once picked by Time magazine as one of the world's 100 leaders of tomorrow. Like Joe Clark, dropped out of law school, became salesman for General Foods, then a social activist instructor. Married to schoolgirl sweetheart Shirley, only woman in Canada shorter than he in heart attack in 1979, now recovered. He is 45. Perhaps 47. Despite having the largest budget of any party (health) and having run Canada's largest city, he was kept out of Clark's inner cabinet by aides who feared his popularity. Personally knocked off Dr. John Evans, the university president that party brass had handpicked as Trudeau's successor. Recently spent two weeks of "holidays" in B.C., where he is not widely known. Problem: is Canada too large a land to go *Hi-patias?*



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